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Poetry.

THE LITTLE ROOM.

This is the little room where she
Walked beautiful for love of me;
Here, on the window sill, her flowers
Woo all the winds in daylight hours;
And sweetly breathe, when breezes stir,
Of the dear, lovely face of her!

This is the little room—so lone!
My soul, into the silence grown,
Starts at each leaf that taps the pane,
Low-listening for her step again!
How creaks the stairway and the gate!
Why lingereth my love so late?

Here, on the little fireplace mat,
Lie two brown ribbons from her hat;
And there—a messenger of love—
A tinted, tapered, scented glove!
What tender memories cluster o'er it!
For I have kissed the hand that wore it.

From dawn until the shadows fall,
I dream before the lonely wall
Where hangs her picture; and I yearn
To kiss the golden curls that burn
Above her womanly, sweet brow—
Would she could come and kiss me now!

All things speak of her—all the place
Hath a remembrance of her face;
The last flowers that she wore—the last
Dim pathway where her footstep passed,
The morning-glories near the door
Seem whispering: "Will she come no more?"

This is the little room where she
Walked beautiful for love of me!
But oh! the utter lonellness!
The flowers that miss her sweet caress!
Only the night-wind creaks the gate—
Why lingereth my love so late?
—Atlanta Constitution.

THE ADAPTABLE GIRL.

Go walkin' with her?
You bet I did;
An' 'twan't like walkin'.
I jest slid
Along down the pike,
Past houses an' things
An' people I knowed,
As ef I hed wings.
I reckon I talked;
Leastways, I s'pose
A man wants to tell
About all he knows
When he walks with a gal.
An' I'm on the plan
Uv yer plain, every-day
Averidge man.
But 'twan't what I said;
'Twas what I no count;
It was her, an' she talked
A right peart amount
'Bout the birds an' the fields
A' this an' that tree,
An' hosses an' cows,
An' sometimes 'bout me.
She knowed all about
All sorts of things,
Mare's a bird knows
'Bout the song that it sings;
An' she never once riz
Beyont the height
Whar I couldn't keep her
Always in sicht.
I aint wuth shucks
With yer larnin' gals
That goes in for high
Interlecturals—
Gimme the plain ones,
Them is the kind!
They aint too weighty
Fer my sized mind.
What's that? Git out!
Yer mean ter state
That she is a Wellesley
Graddiate?
An' likewise that she is
Intellectual?
Well, I never'd a' thought it
Uv that thar gal!
—Detroit Free Press.

ODE TO SHAKESPEARE.

Oh, Willie, Willie, Willie, did you really write the plays
That have made us all your worshipers so long?
Or were you just a fakir,
A dishonest credit-taker,
Like the modern bard, who thrives on borrowed song?

Oh, Willie, gentle Willie, were you friendly with the muse,
Or just a portion of another's plan?
Did you wield a pen satiric,
Philosophical and lyric,
Or were you Francis Bacon's hired man?

Inform us, can't you, Willie, why in history we find
Of facts concerning you a certain dearth?
Did you have no intimation
That while you took that vacation
Mr. Bacon would be mortgaging the earth?

Say, Will, are you the Willie who has put the earth in tune
To music which must thrill forevermore;
Or just a malefactor,
An uneducated actor—
For they do say that your acting was a bore?

'Twould be hard to lose you, Willie, for your name we've long revered,
And the depth of our affection makes us pause;
'Ere you're dumped into the chasm
Of a vast iconoclasm
Along with William Tell and Santa Claus.
—Washington Star.

Miscellany.

A NEW GAME NEEDED.

Why Whist Has Ceased to be Recreation for Most of Us.

The people who used to play whist, the old-fashioned whist, enjoyed the game and cherish pleasant recollections of the evenings whiled away by this pastime, says the Indianapolis Journal. These people do not play whist any more. If by chance three of them are gathered together the needed fourth is sure to be a disciple of the new system; he plays "scientific" whist and scorns their haphazard methods. He may be too well bred to speak his contempt, but he makes it felt in envelops him as a cloud it is visible in his air of patient endurance and the sad droop of his eyelids. The old-fashioned player feels his inferiority and loses interest in the game, but at the same time cherishes a secret belief that the devotees of the new and "improved" system do not get the entertainment out of it that he once did out of what was then considered a highly dignified and respectable game, but which is now condemned as "bumblepuppy."

The players now proceed as if performing a solemn rite; they have no appearance of enjoying themselves, but are serious of countenance and subdued in manner. A blunder, a departure from the fixed law of the game, subjects the unfortunate perpetrator to looks of disdain, if not to outspoken contumely, which is crushing to all but the most hardened. It is "scientific" and "intellectual," no doubt, as its followers declare, but why continue to call it a game or a pleasing pastime? Do the people who take pleasure in any pursuit or recreation ever hold a "congress" over it? They had a whist congress in Philadelphia last week, and the players sat about the tables in a silence so solemn and oppressive that the scratching of a match was a startling noise. Not a man would have dared to speak aloud. There may be a deep and exquisite joy in this sort of thing, but it is hidden from the majority of people, who prefer to take their pleasure less seriously. The whist is too profound for them, but the old game is probably forever done away with. What is needed is a substitute —something which will while away an hour for weary people who do not feel equal to intellectual exertion and do not find recreation in feats of memory.

Genius and Physical Beauty.

Ouida proceeds to show that men of genius are fine handsome fellows. So they are, as a rule; witness Tennyson, Musset, Scott—the strongest man of the Rough Clan—Marlborough, Goethe, Bonny Dundee, Burns, Longfellow, Sir Henry Taylor, Napoleon, Shelly, Byron—a gallery of beauties. The popes and Voltaires are the exceptions. Now, if Genius gets money, renown, the affection of the sex which Ouida adorns, victory, palms, paeans, and is besides a tall, strong, handsome person, surely Genius has a happy time, and may disregard the misconceptions of the stupid.—London Daily News.

Just Like Them.

Some tired teachers in one of our schools for whom the small boy had been making life a burden were discussing the situation. Said one:

"Well, we won't have them in the Transvaal drumming their feet or doing anything to disturb us all the time."

unfailing another teacher replied with woman disc "ey can flap their wings."

IS THE POLE SOLID?

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY BY A NORWEGIAN WHALER.

Additional Evidence That the Great Antartic Continent is Not All Water but Terra Firma.

The most important geographical discoveries made in the antarctic regions since Ross traced a part of Victoria Land's coast and saw its smoking mountains, fifty-two years ago, have just been reported by an old and well known Norwegian whaler, Captain Larsen. Captain Larsen forwarded his log to Dr. John Murray, the well known Scottish scientist and member of the Challenger expedition, who has just published the extract from the Jason's journal in the Scottish Geographical Magazine.

Geographies show a large land mass, known as Graham's land, lying across the antarctic circle, south of Cape Horn. Except Victoria Land, which lies on the other side of the antarctic area, Graham's Land is the largest bit of terra firma that has yet been found in south polar waters. It was discovered by John Biscoe, in 1831. Captain Larsen's

CONJECTURED OUTLINE OF THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT.

recent achievement was to steam for days along a wholly unknown part of the east coast of the great land mass, and when he was finally compelled to turn north again he could still see the high land of the main land stretching south and east as far as the eye could reach. Dr. John Murray and others believe that in these days he was skirting a part of the coast of the great antarctic continent, and while he was adding to our knowledge of the coast line around the south pole, he also discovered some volcances in a highly active state, showing that Plutonic energy in that part of the world had not yet died out and that its activity there is more widely distributed than we had any reason to suppose.

It was about eighty miles north of the antarctic circle that Larsen discovered a chain of five little islands, extending in a straight line from north-west to southeast. The most northern is about ten miles from the mainland. Two of these islands are active volcanoes.

Our maps show that all around the antarctic area, in the neighborhood of the south polar circle, bits of land have been discovered. It is noteworthy that scarcely one of these bits of land has been explored its whole extent. The explorers did not ascertain whether the land they saw was islands or projections from some great land mass. Discoverers have very rarely been able to effect a landing on account of the belt of pack ice or ice floes, often ten to twenty miles wide, that separated them from the shore. There are several excellent reasons why many of the leading geographers and geologist believe that these various lands—Victoria, Graham, Wilkes, Adelia, Clarie, Sabrina and Termination Lands and some others—are merely the outer edge of a large continent. Wild, Murray and others say that we are justified in concluding that Victoria Land, whose east coast line was traced by Sir James Ross for more than five hundred miles, must extend much farther to the west and south, and that probably on its ice cap will be found the present position of the south magnetic pole.

STOPPED THE POKER GAME.

An Alarm Clock in a Player's Pocket, Placed There by His Wife.

"Speaking about the peculiar uses to which alarm clocks have been put," said a business man to the Pittsburg Dispatch reporter, "I know of none more ridiculous than a case that I witnessed. There are several of us, all friends, who join in a little game of poker every now and then. The game usually becomes more interesting than we expect, so all limitations of time are set aside. It was all very well for us unmarried fellows to get home at 4 o'clock in the morning, but one of the number had a wife waiting patiently for him, and, while she was not opposed to her husband having a friendly game of poker occasionally, she did object strenuously to his coming home at such hours, believing in moderation in all things. The other night we were all deeply interested in a "jack pot" which had attained respectable proportions, when suddenly we were surprised by a continued ringing of a bell, the sound apparently coming from our married friend's pocket. He threw down his hand with a laugh, and, delving into his coat pocket, produced a small alarm clock. We looked on in amazement, but our benedict was convulsed with laughter. Finally the bell stopped ringing, and he said: "Boys, I forgot to tell you about it. I tried to explain to my wife how the great interest I took in the game always made me forgetful of time, as an excuse for my late home-coming, when to my surprise, she said: 'Well, George, if you can't remember when it's time to come home, I've got a way to remind you of it.' She said nothing more, but when I left the house this evenig she put this alarm clock in my pocket. 'George, I've set it for 1:30; I think that's late enough for any man, so there's no excuse to-night.'" Of course, we all joined in the laugh, but it did not last long, for George got up from the table, saying: "Well, boys, I'll have to be off; there's no excuse to-night." Inasmuch as George was in $75 on the game this information caused all our faces to grow long. But George went, notwithstanding our strong appeals for him to stay. When we were left alone we passed our views upon a wife who could invent such a scheme as that especially when her husband was winning."

CANDOR OR KISSES?

A Mystery That Surpasses "The Lady or the Tiger."

This story is going to end in a mystery.

I know this, because, like a true artist, I thought it all out before putting pen to paper.

It was the evening of Arabella's birthday; Alphonso, her betrothed, was with her.

They were very, very happy.

Suddenly a bright idea struck Alphonso.

That is a way bright thoughts have. But I am quite willing to be slugged by them.

Bright thoughts are worth bright dollars.

But to our tale.

Quoth Alphonso:

"Darling?"

Quoth Arabella:

"Yes, darling."

"Isn't this your birthday, darling?"

"Yes, dearest."

"Well, pet, I propose to give oo a kiss for every year of your age."

"Oh, darling!"

They embrace rapturously.

He kisses her seven times, then chortles:

"These don't count, for you haven't told me your age yet. How old is my darling?"

"Oh, darling!"

"How old is my ickle tootsey wootsey?"

Here began a great struggle in Arabella's mind.

She had reached that age when she wished to be thought several years younger.

That is likewise the age when an unwedded maiden most keenly appreciates kisses.

She wanted all the kisses she could get.

Here, gentle reader, is the mystery foretold exclusively in our first line.

Did she claim all the kisses to which she was entitled, or not?—Truth.

THE HAWAIIAN CANDLE NUT.

A Tree That is Useful in Many Ways to the Sandwich Islanders.

In all the vallays of the Hawaiian Isles the tourist notices a tree with a quivering leaf which is light green on the under side and dark on the top, which he is told is the kukui or candle nut. It is so named from the fact that in ancient times the kernels of the nuts were strung on the midrif of the cocoa leaf and used as torches; as the uppermost kernel burned off the next ignited, and so it burnt until the last was consumed.

The tree was a very useful one to the Hawaiian, not only in furnishing light at night but for many other reasons. The nuts are encased in a husk like our walnuts, but it frequently occurs that two are formed in the same husk. The kernel is extremely rich in oil, which has been expressed and used for house painting, although it is but a poor substitute for linseed, in that it is difficult to get it to dry, and it always has a peculiar odor. The natives used the oil as an external remedy for some diseases, and especially as an aid in parturition. Should you collect some of the nuts you will find them good eating, but I should advise that you stop at one or two, or you will find you have an emetic and a cathartic which will certainly respond muy pronto, as the Mexicans say.

The natives roast the nuts in the ashes, and, having removed the shell, crush the kernels to a paste, mixing them with salt and pepper. This is one of the most delicious and appetizing zests imaginable, and is an essential element to a good feed of raw fish and poi. It may be that if some of our enterprising capitalists would go into the manufacture of inimona, as the natives call this paste, he might find an ever-increasing market for it. It certainly is preferable to the suspicious Russian caviare. The burnt shell of the kukui was used for making an indelible ink, with which tattooing was done. The green husk contains an acrid juice which has a reputation as a remedy in diseases of the throat.

From the bark of the tree there exudes a gum called pilaie, which is as useful as gum Arabic or gum tragacanth for many purposes. It was also used as medicine by the Hawaiians in cases of dysentery. Being harmless, it would be useful in confectionery in making gum drops and jujubes.

The wood of the tree is somewhat like our bass wood, and is of little value in building or in fencing, as it rots very speedily. Sometimes the natives made canoes of it, but never considered them of any value. As the trees die off in the forest their trunks and limbs are found to be covered with an edible fungus, called pepelao, which was formerly exported in great quantity to the Chinese markets.

To-day the kukui nut is largely used in the manufacture of jewelry, which is much prized by tourists as mementoes of a visit to the Paradise of the Pacific. The shell is quite hard and takes a brilliant polish, and can be had in black and brown.

JUST A FIT.

1—Mother-in-law: I want you to come home early! You've been staying out too late! I want it stopped, or my daughter shan't live with you!!!

2—Son-in-law: (to himself) I won't need this sign after to-day—so here goes for—

3—Fourth of July.

The Force of Habit.

Miss Budd: I don't think, mamma, that Mr. Silvertongue will ever come to the point. I've done everything you suggested, but he is as far from a proposal as ever.

Mrs. Budd: Don't be discouraged, dear. You must remember that Mr. Silvertongue is a United States Senator.—Puck.

Just Young Ones.

"See those young ones!" exclaimed a little 6-year-old, looking out of the window to where some little girls were playing in the soft mud of the gutter.

"Can't you say children?" asked her mother, in a correcting tone.

"But they are not, mamma," said the child. "The little girls that go to my kindergarten and keep their faces clean are children, but those dirty ones are just young ones!"—Omaha Bee.

To Asbury Park, N. J.

On July 7, 8, 9, the Pennsylvania Lines will sell excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates. Variable route tickets issued, if desired. Call upon Pennsylvania ticket agents for full particulars.

The Short Cut.

Papa—But why do you sign it "Your loving son, Amy?"

Amy—Why, of course mamma will know, and I couldn't spell daughter.—Life.

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FISHING WITH A "SPREADER."

How This Canny Device of "All-Round" Anglers is Made and Used.

The men who like to go fishing, and who don't care what they catch, no matter what it is, so long as it bites, outnumber those who take particular tackle and look for special fish about ten to one. It is all one to them whether they catch eel, suckers, mud turtles, toad-fish, bluefish, or bass or crabs. It was one of these men who went home proudly last summer with a basket full of Sally Growlers.

Such a man has wisdom and philosophy. He is apt also to be an even more expert fisherman than the man with fancy traps, who goes in for nothing but trout, wide-mouthed bass, muskallonge, or some others of the so-called game fish.

He can begin his fishing season as early in the spring as worms can be dug, and keep it up until the fall and the shrimps disappear in the fall, and need never go more than a few miles from home at that, if he lives on any of our near-by waters.

To this man the spreader is recommended. If you are such a fisherman, if you delight in catching sunfish, perch, little striped bass, catfish, snapping mackerel, school weakfish, lafayettes, and such fish, and haven't got spreaders, get some. They used to be on sale in almost every fishing-tackle store, but there are many now who do not keep them. If you can't buy them, make your own.

A SPREADER.

This is all there is of it. Take a piece of springy brass wire about as thick as a fine knitting needle and fourteen inches or so long. Twist an eye in the middle of it and another at each end, and bend the whole into a half circle, and it is complete. You attach your line to the center eye and snell hooks to the end ones. If you need a sinker, attach that to a third cord and let it hang down from the center. The obvious advantage of the spreader is that it keeps your hooks apart, but it also has many other desirable effects. The line is rendered more sensitive, the hooks are kept at the same depth, and the spreader is so elastic that a fish once hooked can seldom tear loose.

In running streams it also keeps the baits lazy at just the right distance free of the ground to make the bait taking.

THE OCULIST'S STRATAGEM.

A Story Worthy of the Invention of Conan Doyle.

Here is an interesting account of a very clever bit of detective work by an oculist, says the Sheffield (Eng.) Telegraph: It appears that in a large factory, in which were employed several hundred persons, one of the workers in wielding his hammer, carelessly allowed it to slip from his hand. It flew halfway across the room and struck a fellow workman in the left eye. The man averred that his eye was blinded by the blow, although a careful examination failed to reveal any injury, there being not a scratch visible. He brought a suit in the courts for compensation for the loss of half of his eyesight, and refused all offers of compromise.

Under the law the owner of the factory was responsible for an injury resulting from an accident of this kind, and although he believed that the man was shamming, and that the whole case was an attempt at swindling, he made about as much up his mind that he would be compelled to pay the claim. The day of the trial arrived, and in open court an eminent oculist retained for the defense examined the alleged injured eye, and gave it as his opinion that it was as good as the right eye. Upon the plaintiff's loud protest of his inability to see with his left eye, the oculist proved him a perjurer and satisfied the court and jury of the falsity of his claim.

And how do you suppose he did it? Why, simply by knowing that the colors green and red combined make black. He procured a black card on which a few words were written with green ink. Then the plaintiff was ordered to put on a pair of spectacles with two different glasses, the one for the right eye being red, and the one for the left eye consisted of ordinary glass. Then the card was handed him, and he was ordered to read the writing on it. This he did without hesitation, and the cheat was at once exposed. The sound right eye, fitted with the red glass, was unable to distinguish the green writing on the black surface of the card, while the left eye, which he pretended was sightless, was the one with which the reading had to be done.

THE SMUGGLED GARTER.

Clever Ruse of a Bright Girl to Outwit the Customs Officers.

On the promise of seeing something new, if not startling, I accompanied an acquaintance to meet an incoming steamer from Europe, says a New York correspondent. My acquaintance had informed me that his cousin was bringing over goods of very great value, and I expected that considerable time would be consumed in examining and appraising the articles. The "cousin" was an attractive young lady, and looked rosy and healthy as she tripped down the long plank. She had had a delightful voyage, etc., and had been good enough to have only two trunks. These were found, an inspector made a hasty examination of the contents, saw that they were only ordinary wearing apparel, chalked the marks, and started off. We went up town and made for a good restaurant. The interesting small talk of travelers filled in the time until we three were seated at a table and the order given for luncheon. The lady sat next to the wall.

"I suppose everything is all right, Julie?" asked my friend.

"Yes, indeed," she replied, smiling triumphantly.

"I promised to show this gentleman something," he said. "There's no danger that anybody will catch on, so if you've no objection—"

He paused. She blushed furiously and replied: "Well I don't know that I care, but it's unusual."

Then she reached down toward the floor on the side next to the wall, and, of course, I don't know exactly what she did, but when her hand appeared again it was closed over something. She held it in front of me, saying: "Open both hands and be careful." I did as she told me and she laid upon my palms a garter that fairly blazed with diamonds. I took one look and whispered, "Smuggled!" She nodded vigorously, while her companion smiled approval, and remarked: "I shall keep that interesting piece of ribbon. It saves me several thousand dollars in duties."

"There's another like it," said the fair cousin, "but I guess I won't take that off." The other, of course, was on the side not next to the wall. "You have to get cash now for your curiosity," she added, "for that article was worn for use as well as profit, and if I walk—well, it might come down, and that wouldn't be pleasant."

And after luncheon the happy smugglers went away in a cab.

Security.

A 5-year-old girl had been attending Sunday school for several weeks, learning weekly to repeat the golden texts. A few days ago her mother had occasion to administer a severe reproof, when the little one looked up undismayed, slowly and calmly observed: "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear."

It was her golden text of the Sunday previous.—Boston Herald.

The Way It Struck Him.

A young fellow having been asked by one of the recruiting sergeants who haunt the precincts of the National Gallery whether he wished to enlist in a Scottish regiment, replied:

"Not I. I'd rather go into a lunatic asylum than enlist in a Highland regiment."

"Well," said the sergeant, "I've nae doubt ye'd feel mair at home there."

Had Been There.

Reggy Westend—Haven't seen you in Lunnon lately.

Pelham Manor—Just been down to Chester for a few days. Duke of Westminster's place, you know.

Reggy Westend—Yes, I know. Capital dinners they give one at the inn there, don't they?—Puck.

Assumed.

"Her appearance is as fresh as a schoolgirl's."

"Yes—but it's all put on."—Truth.

Copyright, 1894.

THE SWORD OF FATE

By HENRY HERMAN,

Author of "Through Golden Fire," "Scarlet Fortune," "His Angel," "Eagle Joe," "For Old Virginia," "The Great Beckleswaithe Mystery," &c.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Daniel Huncoat, manager to Mr. Ralph Usselby, owner of the Great Griffin and other copper mines, is plotting how he can obtain possession of one of the supposed disused mines, the old Rosemary. In the village in which Mr. Usselby's country seat is situate Huncoat meets a woman whom he recognizes as Marion Guay, and whom he thought long since dead. Mr. Usselby, a happy married man, with a wife and grown-up son, is called upon by the woman, Marion Guay, and she reminds him, to his chagrin, that she is his wife, notwithstanding the marriage he had contracted after her supposed death. Usselby is distracted, but arranges to meet her at a place known as the Earl's Seat, near the Old Rosemary. His son overhears the interview, and he says he will help him to keep the dreadful secret.

CHAPTER III.

Marion Guay crossed the lawn swiftly and turned at right angles at the first cross-path which she reached. A clump of tall rhododendrons sheltered her from view until she reached the little lych-gate in the wall. Thence a narrow by-road led along the hill side towards the river.

There was a gleam of cruel joy in her black eyes, the contentment of a well-fed tigress. She picked her steps among the stones of the uneven road, her head nodding now and then, as in a smiling approval of the course events had taken.

"I hold him," she said to herself. "I hold him safe. My turn has come. How frightened he looked. I'll make him pay first of all, pay dearly; and when the first payment is made, and it will be a heavy one, I'll want a second, and then a third, and then a fourth, and then a fifth, and then a good many more. I'll drain him dry, rich as he is. And when I've done that I'll smash him up. Ha! ha!" she laughed, "the end will be the best of all, the very best. That wife of his, of whom he is so fond, she shall suffer all I have suffered, and a great deal more. It was a long time to wait, but it was worth while."

Again she laughed in fiendish glee. She quickened her step and more skipped than walked along, plucking handsful of fern leaves as she passed, and throwing the green fragments into the road in wanton waste.

She had not gone very far when, on a sudden, she stopped still and passed her hand to her heart. Her bronzed cheeks had grown pale and her eyes were turned upwards until barely a spot of each pupil was to be seen.

"Have I come so far," she gasped breathlessly, "to die at his door? Have I lived through it all to be robbed of my revenge at the last moment?"

Her outstretched hands writhed in the air, and she staggered towards the side of the way and sank down on to the bank there amid the ferns and the wild hyacinths, stretching out an arm on either side to steady herself, her head dropping back in spite of her.

There she lay for the space of some seconds moaning piteously, her eyes wandering hither and thither in search of a helping hand, whilst the perspiration pearled in great drops on her forehead and her dark face had taken a nearly greenish hue.

Again and again she gasped for breath, and at last, by a desperate effort, she reached her pocket handkerchief and placed it to her lips, withdrawing it a moment afterwards spotted with red. Twice or thrice she attempted to rise, and each time sank back again; but at last, with the energy of despair, she struggled to her feet and supported herself by gripping the stone hedge.

"I will live through it," she said. "I have borne the excitement of this morning, though the doctors did say such a thing would kill me, and I will bear yet another and yet another, with a calm face. He shall not cheat me at the last moment; no, that he shall not."

She fumbled in her dress pocket and found a small phial, and eagerly snatching out the cork, drank a few drops. The drug seemed to revive and warm her, for her eyes resumed some of their former brightness, and she breathed more easily.

"I must be more calm," she said to herself. "I must not let the thoughts of the victory in store kill me before I can grasp it. That would be too foolish."

She placed her hand upon her heart with a quick fevered movement, as a sudden pain shot through her and made her cheeks turn ghastly pale again. She bit her lips in a mute determination to wrestle with her affliction, and slowly allowed herself to slide on to the bank again.

"I shall be better soon," she gasped. "These attacks are terrible, but thank heaven, they always last a few minutes only. One of them will be the end of me, I suppose. But not yet. Not before I have finished; not yet, not yet."

After resting on the bank-side for the space of a minute or two, she rose and walked on more slowly than before.

Gradually her step became more elastic, and at last she strolled lithesomely, and showing no trace of the faintness which had previously overpowered her.

"I must be careful," she said. "Those doctors are right. I must not risk killing myself. That would serve no purpose. The second scene won't make the same impression upon me as this first one did. I shall take the whole business more calmly and not only in outward show."

At the next turning she struck the main road and walked on towards the inn at the river's side.

Upon a four-barred gate which she passed, Joe Mottram was sitting with his boon companion Ned Potton. They were kicking their heels against the bars, and Joe stared at the strange lady in whom Mr. Huncoat had taken so evident an interest. Huncoat was a person of importance in those parts, and the very fact of his desire to elicit information about Marion Guay had rendered the lady interesting to Master Joe.

They were birds of a feather, Joe and Ned. They had both been in jail; only, Joe had been laid by the heels for the comparatively trivial offense of poaching, whilst Ned was a regular bad character.

He was a broad-shouldered, thick-necked, and red-faced scamp of about three and twenty, belying his evil reputation by the most simple face imaginable. Despite his evident burly strength, he looked to those who knew him not personally as if he could not say "boo" to a goose. There was always a grin or a smirk on his lips, and his semi-idiotic laugh gave an altogether mistaken idea of his naturally vicious character.

He had been already several times convicted, and on the last occasion had served her majesty for the period of six months by performing hard labor within the prison walls. Labor of any kind was obnoxious to Mr. Ned, therefore it may be supposed that a jail had no particular attraction for him, and yet he did not seem to live in terror of it.

Ned was the son of a poor widow woman who bemoaned her offspring's viciousness with many tears, but at the same time, so the cronies said, did not resent the introduction into her cottage of articles which certainly were neither her property nor her son's. He was supposed to be a laborer, but very little labor did he out of prison.

Joe Mottram had been thrashed over and over again by his sturdy and honest father for associating with Ned, but somehow there was an attraction for the inn-keeper's lad in the young thief's society, and whenever Joe could sneak away from the inn, he was sure to be found roaming about with Ned.

"I do wish," Joe said, as Marion Guay passed, "as I wuz that lady."

"'Cause why?" asked Ned.

"'Cause she do have a lot of coin," was the reply.

"Coin?" asked Ned.

"Yes," responded Joe, "gold sov'rins—I seed 'em in her purse—thirty or forty on 'em."

Ned jumped down from the gate.

"I'll be jiggered," he exclaimed, with a shrug of disgust, "if ever I see such a dolt as thee, Joe. Crimminy! forty poun'! why, with forty poun' we could go to Amerikee, an' go in tha cabin, not on deck, an' be gen'lemen all our lives."

Ned had for a long time looked upon himself as destined to become a Napoleon of the road, and here was a chance, no doubt.

"Not for I," retroted Joe, quite unconcerned by his comrade's proposal. "I've been in clink avore, an' doan't want to go again. Faather skatten I strambang out of 'ouse, an' larruped I every day for a week when I coomed out, an' a poor-coom-along 't 'ould be if I tried again."

"Thee beest a chuckle-headed fool," retorted Ned, getting to the engine-house, a time and weather-worn stone, about two feet high and five feet long, lay snug among the ferns. The folk-lore of the district honored it with legendary fame. It had stood there, so said the good folk, in the days when the oak-crowned Druids held their mysterious rites. Be that as it may, more trustworthy record spoke of it as the place where, before the days of Norman William, the alderman had sat in judgment. And later local history identified it with the love story of Robert, Earl of St. Ruth, who, so it said, had there with a mighty train of squires and villeins, awaited the arrival of his beautiful bride. Richard Coeur de Leon's cousin. The young couples of the neighborhood had, in the days when the mine was open, profited by the mediæval example, and had often sat on the old stone seat hand in hand, while the wild rose became choked up with the wild grasses and dock-weeds, and nobody had rhyme or reason to go over the mile of road towards the old Rosemary, the earl's seat was forgotten, or, at any rate, but seldom used.

The sun had already sunk below the Western horizon when Daniel Huncoat came with a swinging step up the slight incline towards the Rosemary engine-house. He brushed aside the high weeds and ferns which obstructed the opening, and straightway entered.

It was a gloomy place in that waning light. Through the hole in the roof, a patch of sky shone, a cold blue streaked with a black network of rafters and beams, from which the irregrils of the climbing plants stood out like fantastic iron ornaments of a Gothic cathedral. The pale light streamed also through the glassless window, and shone in an opal patch right across the boarded mouth of the mine. Another streak came through the open door, and everywhere else in the shed semi-darkness prevailed.

Huncoat knew the place well, and went straight to the little wall surrounding the mouth of the shaft. Placing one foot upon it, he looked at it for the space of a few moments in silence.

"I don't remember whether they've left the ladders in," he said to himself, "and I wonder if there's any water down there. Not that it matters much," he added immediately, "but it might be as well to know."

He retreated a step, and with his foot kicked the board upon which he had been resting. It was heavy, and barely trembled under the impulse.

"Old Sam," he said, "has made a good job of this. He knows every bolt and rivet in it, and no mistake. He evidently thought that nobody ever wanted to go down the old mine again."

So saying, he took off his coat, and having carefully folded it, he placed it upon the high ferns which filled the side of the shed. Then he went to work with a will, and dragging away one board after another, piled them, pell mell, upon each other, until at last the mouth of the mine was uncovered. That done, he lighted a vesta, and looked down into the black gulf.

"They've left the ladders in," he said, "but there's no knowing in what state they may be. They may be rotten, and a man might break his neck going down by them. I wonder what's down there?"

He fumbled among the grass and the ferns, and found a couple of stones. Then, leaning over the open shaft, he allowed one of them to fall out of his hand right into the center of the chasm. One dull sound struck the ear, as the stone reached the bottom.

"No splash," he said; "there is no water. That's a good job at any rate," he went on, as he seated himself upon the long board. "I shall have to get a fortune out of you, my old Rosemary. We'll soon have you swarming with men."

With this he pulled out his tobacco pouch, and filled his pipe, which he lighted.

"I must be careful not to excite old Usselby's suspicions," he continued in self-communication, puffing away at the same time; "for he knows a sovereign's worth twenty shilling when he sees one. The thing must be kept quiet. I can trust Macintosh to do it all with discretion, only he is such a money grubber. What a pity it is that this kind of man always wants to have a finger in the pie for doing dirty work. Finger—with Macintosh it will most likely be his fist."

The fading twilight and the darkening evening found him still seated there smoking his pipe and inwardly enjoying the prospect of the fortune which he hoped would be his.

On a sudden, sounds of movement among the gorse and bushes outside reached his keen ear, and as he flew to the open doorway he saw the figures of two men among the high grass and the undergrowth.

He darted back into the darkness and put on his coat.

"I mustn't be seen here," he said. "Old Usselby might get to hear it. Who can those fellows be?"

Again he crept to the open door, and peered out.

"It's that scamp, Joe Mottram, I dare be sworn," he said to himself, "and that other fellow is Ned Potton. What can they want?"

The two men were seemingly in no hurry to approach. They moved slowly and deliberately through the bushes and the gorse, and after awhile they probably lay or sat down, for they disappeared together.

"The vagabonds are out on a poaching expedition," Huncoat muttered to himself. "It's just my luck that they should tramp up here when I don't want to be seen. If they're after game they will most probably roam about till long after dark. I shall have to get away somehow without being seen by them."

He stole back into the engine house, and waited, peering out cautiously from time to time.

Ten minutes or more passed like that, and Huncoat felt gradually reassured that the two lads had gone away, when the sounds of footsteps again struck upon his ear, and he saw a woman come up the incline.

He recognied her immediately. It was Marion Guay.

"What on earth can she want here?" he asked himself with impatience, and immediately gave the answer to his own query. "An appointment with somebody," he said. "She wouldn't come up here without that. With whom can it be?"

He shrank back into the shadow again, and going down on his hands and knees, knelt behind the angle of the door, keeping his eyes fixed upon the slim figure, which at that moment looked like a black silhouette in the mellow evening light.

Marion Guay walked slowly to the Earl's seat, and after looking about for the space of a minute or so, sat herself down there, breathing heavily, and wiping her forehead with her handkerchief.

"I wonder why I did consent?" she asked herself. "I was a fool. The place is so lonely. When I last came here, years ago, the road swarmed with people; now it is a desert, a wilderness. Not a soul near. A woman might be murdered here and nobody ever get to hear of it."

At that very instant Ned and Joe rose from their lurking place, and to Marion's excited mind seemed to start like fiends out of the earth.

She sprang to her feet with a wild scream.

"Go away!" she cried, before the lads could approach her. "What do you want? He has sent you to murder me," she screamed in a sudden frenzy. "Fool that I was. Go away! Go away! You are a couple of murderers, I know! Don't come near me!"

Joe had shrunk back shamefacedly, but Ned crept closer scowlingly and threateningly, so Marion thought.

She clutched the collar of her dress with the vigor of despair, and tore it open. The buttons flew from the corsage, and she raised her head in a frantic effort to gasp for air.

"I'm choking," she panted. "I'm dying! Do not kill me! Don't murder me! Why should you murder me? He has sent you to kill me. I know he has."

She turned and made one wild leap towards the open door of the engine house. There she threw up her arms, and, staggering, fell with a crash across the boards which still guarded a portion of the open mine shaft.

Joe had gripped his companion by the collar and was dragging him away, while Daniel Huncoat, with his heart in his mouth, and every limb shaking as in a palsy, crept to the woman's side.

"Good God! What's this?" he exclaimed, seeing her lie there motionless. "What on earth shall I do with her? What will come of this?"

He felt her pulse. No movement. The light of the moon was shining through the glassless window over the woman's face, white as marble, with that ghostly light streaming around it like a halo. No breath, no sign of life. He placed his hand upon her breast trembling—as if he were afraid of contagion. The many accidents which occur in m

HENRY O. HAVEMEYER.

The General Manager of the Great Sugar Trust.

Henry O. Havemeyer, first vice-president and general manager of the Sugar Trust, is an interesting personality just now. Of course a man who manages the affairs of a concern with a capitalization of $85,000,000 is always a more or less conspicuous figure; but Mr. Havemeyer is peculiarly to the fore at present as the author of very significant remarks upon the conduct of political campaigns on sound business principles. The Haevmeyers are a striking example of how things grow in this glorious climate of ours. Less than fifty years ago that much abused term "infant industry" would have accurately described the little sugar baking establishment of the grandfather of the rich Havemeyers of to-day on Vandam street, New York. This grandfather, Frederick C. Havemeyer, came to this country from Buchuburg, Schaumburg-Lippe, Germany, in 1802, accompanied by his brother, William F. Havemeyer. They had learned the sugar baking business in London and turned their hands to it in this country in a very modest way. A hogshead of sugar represented a good day's output, and the building in which the entire Hademeyer business was conducted was a little concern only 25 feet wide by 40 feet in length. It heightens the effect of the picture to note in this connection the great plant of the sugar trust—which is virtually only another name for "the Havemeyers"—at Williamsburg, covering acres of ground, and the fact that the daily output of these works is many times greater than the

HENRY O. HAVEMEYER.

total yearly product of the little concern on Vandam street.

Early Labors.

When the two original Havemeyer brothers retired they were succeeded by their two sons, William F., who afterward was mayor of New York for several terms, and Frederick C., the father of both Theodore A. and Henry O. Havemeyer. Frederick C. is credited with having done the most in developing the family refinery toward its present colossal proportions. It was said of him that he knew more about the refining business than any other man in the world. Whether he possessed the skill which his son has since displayed in practical politics is not stated. Although his father owned the establishment, he entered the Vandam street establishment as an apprentice and worked as diligently as if his daily bread depended upon it. When he had learned all he could there he went to Europe and took a course of sugar refining in the establishments of Germany. In 1831, soon after the two cousins, William F. and Frederick C., had taken charge of the business which their fathers had started, Frederick C. married Miss Susan S. Henderson, of New York city, the mother of the present Havemeyers.

The Havemeyers.

The two cousins Havemeyer continued in business until 1842, when both retired, each letting a brother, Albert and Frederick, continue the business. For thirteen years Frederick C. Havemeyer was out of business and devoted himself to travel and study. His favorite study was Latin, and in this language he was one of the learned men of New York. He took an active interest in educational matters in general, and was for many years president of the school board of Westchester county, New York. He died in 1891, leaving an estate of $3,000,000 and four sons, Frederick C., jr., Theodore A., Thomas J., and Henry O. Havemeyer. Theodore A. Havemeyer, who is the president and nominal head of the trust, is referred to as the refiner. He is the Austrian consul in New York city, and gives little attention, compared with Henry O., to the sugar business.

Forming the Sugar Trust.

The sugar trust, whose enormous capitalization has already been stated, was formed in 1887. In the production of refined sugar it has no competitor in the United States, and, as its manager admitted before the senators, has absolute control of prices so long as it does not put them so high as to make it profitable to ship in foreign sugars. The trust at present consists of seventeen firms, including the great Spreckels concern, which for a long time made a fight against the trust and was the last to come into it. These firms are the Havemeyers & Elder company, of Brooklyn; the Brooklyn Sugar-Refining company, of Brooklyn; the Decastro & Donner company, of Brooklyn; the Havemeyer company, of Brooklyn; the Havemeyer company, of Jersey City; the F. O. Matthiessen & Wiechers company, of Jersey City; the Standard company, of Boston; the Boston Sugar Refining company, of Boston; the Continental company, of Boston; the Forest City company, of St. Louis; the Louisiana and Planters' companies, of New Orleans; the Franklin company, of Philadelphia; the E. C. Knight company, of Philadelphia; the Spreckels company, of Philadelphia; the Delaware company, of Philadelphia, and the Baltimore company, of Baltimore.

Immense Capacity.

The total daily capacity of these companies is about 44,800 barrels. The only other refineries in the country are the Revere company, of Boston, with a daily capacity of 1,000 barrels; the California company of Claus Spreckels, capacity 1,600 barrels, and the American refinery of Havemeyers & Elder, also of California, with a capacity of 2,000 barrels. The Revere refinery is owned by Nash, Spaulding & Co., who are large stockholders in the sugar trust and who work in harmony with the trust. A long time ago Havemeyer and Elder and Claus Spreckels formed an auxiliary company, to which they leased their California plants, making them also practically a part of the trust. The total capitalization of the trust, $85,000,000, is made up of $75,000,000 capital stock and $10,000,000 of bonds. The actual value of the plants is estimated at about $40,000,000. The annual profits of the trust on refining alone are in the neighborhood of $25,000,000, or about 73 per cent on the actual investment and 34 per cent on the present capital, water and all.

Is Industrious.

Notwithstanding his immense wealth, Henry O. Havemeyer's inherited and acquired habits of industry still cling to him. When in New York he is promptly at his desk every morning at the sugar trust headquarters, 117 Wall street, and seldom leaves before 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

In his business dealings Mr. Havemeyer is described as somewhat brusque and peremptory, but socially as very genial. He practices a liberal hospitality. His city residence at 1 East Sixty-sixth street is luxuriously furnished and is the scene of many brilliant social affairs during the season. A few years ago he built a magnificent country home at Stamford, Conn., where he spends a great deal of his time both summer and winter. It was four years ago that the Connecticut villa was finished, and since then Mr. Havemeyer spent many thousands of dollars in beautifying the grounds, until the place is now about the finest country seat on Long Island sound between New York and Newport. It is built about a mile back from the sound, on one of the beautiful ridges which are so fast becoming dotted with the country homes of wealthy New Yorkers. The grounds are about ninety acres in extent. Of the ninety acres he has devoted fifty to lawn and meadow about his house and the remaining forty are left in pasture, as Henry Havemeyer, like his brother Theodore, is fond of fancy stock and has some fine specimens of horses and Southdown sheep.

Mr. Havemeyer gives away a good deal of money for charitable and religious purposes, and is ably seconded by his wife, who is a very generous woman.

Not the Wealthiest.

Although the most active man in the sugar trust Henry O. is not the wealthiest of the Havemeyers. That distinction belongs to Theodore A., his brother. Theodore Havemeyer lives in an unpretentious but very solid and massive mansion of red pressed brick at Thirty-eighth street and Madison avenue in New York. It is a very large house and yet its size is not in excess of Mr. Havemeyer's requirements. He has nine children, seven of whom are still at home. The mansion was formerly the scene of many brilliant social events, including balls and dinners, but since the marriage of their two eldest children Mr. and Mrs. Havemeyer have not given so much attention to social affairs. Both are quiet in their tastes. Mr. Havemeyer is a skillful violinist and Mrs. Havemeyer has a fine musical education. All notable musical events in New York are patronized by them, and their magnificent ballroom is frequently transformed into a concert-hall during the winter season.

Like many other rich New Yorkers Mr. Havemeyer indulges in farming on a luxurious scale. He has a thousand-acre tract at Mahwah, N. J., 32 miles from New York on the Erie road. In the summer time he seldom lets a week go by without visiting this place, which may fairly be described as princely. He purchased it twelve years ago and has placed the most of it under cultivation after the most scientific methods.

A Pleased Yankee.

"I heard a boy behind me in the street the other day," said a Yankee visitor, "say to a boy ahead: 'Want to see something sort?' and I judged from his tone that he'd got something very nice. When he came along I saw that what he had was a piece of board, may be two feet long, an inch thick, and two or three inches wide, a beautiful little piece of dry clear white pine, and it was delight to see that he was whittling it deliberately."—New York Sun.

Praiseworthy.

"How do you like your new watchdog?"

Bragg—He's first-class. The least little noise attracts his notice, and instead of barking like most dogs he just crawls under the bed.—Chicago Daily Inter-Ocean.

Saved Our Boy

A Clergyman's Statement

Constitutional Scrofula Entirely Cured.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen: Wishing to tell what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for us, I will say that 3 years ago we had a beautiful boy born to us. When about six months old he took a sore mouth. I had two doctors but all to no benefit. At the age of 11 months he breathed his last. Thus we laid

Our Darling Child

in the grave. On Aug. 4, 1891, another boy was born unto us. At the age of two months he became afflicted with the same disease. I believed the boy's trouble was constitutional, and not common sore mouth. I procured a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and commenced to give it regularly to both mother and baby, and occasionly washed his mouth with a syrup of buck brush root. Improvement began at once. We have succeeded in eradicating the scrofulous blood from the system and today we are blessed with a nice fat baby boy, eighteen months old. He is the very

Picture of Health.

all life and full of mischief—thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am a minister in the Methodist Protestant church. I am here to back what I say and I am in no way interested in any profit in the matter, except it affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all as a safe, sure remedy. Even my wife, after taking Hood's became healthy and fleshy and has the bloom of girlhood again."
REV. J. M. PATE, Brookline Station, Mo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c. per box.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the validity of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

United States Letter Postage.

J. H. N., Miamisburg, O.: The rate of United States postage, from the organization of the government under the constitution until 1816, were: For a letter, on one single sheet of paper, under 40 miles, 8 cents; under 90 miles, 10 cents; under 150 miles, 12½ cents; under 300 miles, 17 cents; under 500 miles, 20 cents; over 500 miles, 25 cents.

In 1816 the rates were changed to these: A single-sheet letter, not over 30 miles, 6¼ cents; under 80, 10 cents; over 80 and under 150, 12½ cents; over 150 and under 400, 18¾ cents; over 400, 25 cents; an additional rate for every piece of paper, and if the letter weighed an ounce, four times these rates.

In 1845 the rates were changed to these: For a letter not over a half-ounce in weight, under 300 miles, 5 cents; over 300 miles, 10 cents; and an additional rate for every additional half-ounce or fraction thereof.

In 1851 the rates were changed to these: One letter not over a half-ounce, under 3,000 miles, 3 cents if prepaid, 5 cents if not prepaid; over 3,000 miles, 6 and 12 cents.

In 1852 this modification was made: Letters sent over 3,000 miles, and not prepaid, 10 cents. By an act of the same year, postage stamps and stamped envelopes were ordered.

In 1853 the rates were reduced to these: Single letters, 3 cents for under 3,000 miles, and 10 cents for over that distance—postage to be prepaid in all cases.

In 1863, the rate was made 3 cents on all letters not over a half-ounce, and 2 cents additional for every half-ounce additional, or fraction thereof; drop letters, 2 cents.

The present rates are: 2 cents for each ounce or fraction thereof; drop letters, 2 cents at carrier delivery offices, 1 cent at others.

Populist Nonsense.

U. W. L., Dosier, N. C., says: "The Populists here claim that the people are the government, and the government can stamp 320 just as easy as $10 on a piece of paper and make it a full legal tender for all debts, both public and private, and that all bills are backed by the people and no good whether there is a dollar of gold or silver behind them or not. If this is not the case please give the reason."

In the series of papers entitled "Foundations of Finance," now running in The Blade, this point has been fully discussed. All paper currency is a promise to pay money. The "stamp of the government" does nothing. It can not give absolute value. A paper note is a debt, whether the government issues the note or a bank. During the war greenbacks were issued. The law made them a legal tender, but no law can prevent depreciation in purchasing power of paper money if there is doubt about its redemption.

That Exception Clause.

R. A. Holden, Mo., asks: "What was the exception clause on the greenback issue of 1861 and 1862? It was introduced by John Sherman, I think, and is lurped upon a great deal by the Populists of this state."

The "exception clause" is on all greenbacks now, and has always been. There never was a greenback issued that did not have it. Turn over a greenback of any denomination, and you will find these words on the back: "This note is a legal tender, at its face value, for all debts, public and private, except duties on imports and interest on the public debt." The famous "exception clause" is the last ten words, beginning with the word "except." For a full discussion of the subject see article headed "Thomas Jefferson and Notes," in Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of June 14; also article headed, "Our Notes and Bonds," in Bureau of Weekly Blade of May 31.

Railroad "Receivers."

H. D. H., De Pue, Ill., writes: "In speaking of a railroad going into the hands of a receiver, will you please explain through your paper what is meant by 'receiver'? What power has he, how appointed, and by whom is he appointed?"

It is just the same as a business man making an assignment. If a railroad owes money which it cannot pay, and can make no arrangements with its creditors for an extension, upon proper application a receiver is appointed. If the entire railway is within one state, a state court appoints the receiver; if its lines run into two or more states, of course the appointment has to be made by a United States court. He is called a "receiver" because he receives the business of the road from its officers, conducts it himself, and renders accounts to the court which appointed him. He is acting for the court, of course, and is an officer under the direction of that court.

Rare Coins, Etc.

A. C., Michigantown, Ind.: Old Confederate money is worth nothing except as a curiosity. Dealers offer a dozen bills for 25 cents. Most of the dimes bearing a premium are those of 1796 to 1798 inclusive, 1800 to 1807 inclusive, 1809, 1811, 1814, 1822, 1844, 1846, 1850 and 1870.

L. J. T., Butler, Neb.: It is a little medal, one of hundreds of different kinds struck in 1876, and sold at the Centennial at Philadelphia as souvenirs. It is worth only what some one will give for it.

J. T. J., Lakewood, Ill.: It is not a coin, simply a political medal, without quotable value.

Another Washington Button.

S. R. P., Big Rock, Ill., sends us a rubbing of a Washington button, but of different design from that given in this column a short time since. The center contains the script initials, "G. W.," around which is a band with the words, "Long Live the President." Outside of this is a broad circle of thirteen links, each inclosing the initials of one of the thirteen original states. The letter says:

"This button is made of copper, with heavy shank eye. I always understood that these buttons were made for and worn at the inauguration ball, given in honor of Washington's inauguration, April 30, 1789."

The Letters "O. K."

J. M. L., Frankfort, O.: The letters "O. K." mean "All right." The political story was started years ago that Gen. Jackson used to indorse documents "O. K." meaning "oll korrect." This was told by way of showing that he was illiterate. But James Parton, the historian, found among the records of the court of which Jackson was once judge, many legal documents with the indorsement "O. K.," which meant "order recorded," but so scrawlingly written that it often looked like "O. K." Probably this was the origin of the story. As a matter of fact, Jackson was well educated.

Bullion Value of Coin.

Subscriber, Miltonvale, Kan., asks: "Is there $20 worth of bullion in $20 gold piece?" If so, how can I prove it to a Populist?"

There is $20 worth of bullion in an unworn $20 gold piece. It is very hard to prove anything to insane people or to Populists, but if you were to melt an unworn $20 gold piece into a lump of bullion, you could get $20 for it. That might convince the Populist.

Remedy Wanted for Ants.

G. V., Elk Creek, Cal., writes: "If any of The Blade readers know of a remedy that will kill or drive away ants you will confer a great favor on an old subscriber, by publishing the same."

We do not know what kind of ants are meant; whether they are an annoyance in the kitchen, or whether they are destroying grass in lawn or field. If anybody can give a good remedy, we shall be glad to publish it.

The Blade Portraits.

"Portrait," Sherwood, O.: "How does The Blade get the portrait of persons in a foreign land so quickly? As for instance the portrait of the new President of France, which was published the next day after his election?"

The Blade, like other first-class newspapers, keeps a large assortment of photographs and other portraits of prominent people, and when something important occurs involving any such person we engrave it at once.

Railway Postal Clerkships.

D. D., Willow Springs, Mo., asks: "Could a Republican get an appointment as postal clerk on a railway train, or would he be likely to during a Democratic administration?"

The railway mail service is under civil service rules, and the politics of an applicant cut no figure. If a Republican passes the proper examination, he would get an appointment in his turn, as vacancies may occur that require filling.

Lexow and Goff.

B. N. R., Rowland, Ky.: Hon Clarence Lexow, chairman of the committee of the New York Senate investigating the corruption in the police department of New York city, is a Republican, and resides at Nyack. Mr. Goff is not a member of the committee, nor of the legislature. He is a lawyer of New York city, employed by the committee. He is a Democrat.

Clark's Thread.

F. J., New Lisbon, O.: The Clark Thread company has one manufactory in this country—at Paterson, New Jersey, we think—and another at Glasgow, Scotland. Their trade mark, "O. N. T." means, "Our new thread."

The Reserve Fund.

J. C., Alton, Ill., asks: "When and by what party was the law passed causing a reserve fund of $100,000,000?"

That was a proviso of the resumption act of 1875. It was passed by Congress, of course, which at that time was Republican. It was a proper and wise law, and brought the greenbacks up to par, which they had not been for over a dozen years.

Miscellaneous.

Schoolgirl, Pleasant Lake, Ind.: Sorry, but we can't publish it.

P. W. C., Toledo: Call at a music store. You should find the song and music there.

H. A. L., Frederick, S. D.: Your query about churning has been handed the Farmstead editor. Watch that column.

J. L. J., Cave Creek, Tenn.: We do not know the religious views of the gentleman. Why not write to him and inquire?

I. O. D., Franklin Square, O.: We have no back numbers containing the article. We can never furnish back numbers save for a few weeks.

J. B. B., Yorktown, Iowa, wants to know the religious belief of Rev. Chas. Buck, author of "Buck's Theological Dictionary." Who can answer?

J. A. S., Athens, Tenn.: Your question concerning fish-raising has been handed the editor of the Farmstead. Look in that department for reply.

E. E. M., Grelton, O.: We believe Mr. Blaine owned some stock in a coal company, but he had nothing to do with the management of the mine nor the employment of miners.

G. W. S., Acting, Tenn.: We have no means of learning the daily sales of cotton at New Orleans. Your other question has been handed the editor of the Farmstead. Watch that column.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Latest Volumes on the Blade's Book Table for Review.

"Kerrigan's Quality" by Jane Barlow, the author of "Irish Idylls." "Bogland Studies," etc., etc., published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City. It is a story of Irish rural life, with many touches of humor, some pathos, mingled withal with the results of keen observation. The whole of the plot and its incidents center around an old house and the surrounding peasantry.

"Love Affairs of a Worldly Man," which has been already noticed in these columns, is issued in paper covers by F. T. Neely, Chicago.

"How Like a Woman," by Florence Marryat, the author of "There Is No Death," "A Fatal Silence," and others. It is a pleasant story, the heroine of which, Rachel Saltoun, is an English girl of the time, who loves the country, feeds her own horse and plays with the pigs without regard to other people. It is really an old-fashioned love story that one enjoys reading for the entertainment it affords without regard to any purpose it may have of bettering the world's people.

Some of the finest works in the way of art books come from the publishing house of Harper & Brothers, New York City. One of these is "The Christ-Child in Art," by Henry Van Dyke. Another is "The Masters and Masterpieces of Engraving," by Willis O. Chapin.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, issue a very interesting pamphlet of thirty-two pages, entitled "Good Literature." It is divided into three parts. The first part contains the opinions of eminent men who favor the use of literature in schools. In part two are given the methods of using literature adopted by the superintendents of schools in Chicago, Springfield, Brooklyn, New York and other cities. The third part contains a graded list of literary masterpieces suitable for school use.

"Belle-Plante and Cornelius," by Claude Tillier, is translated from the French by Benjamin R. Tucker, and published with illustrations by The Merrian Company, 67 Fifth avenue, New York City. This is a strong story striking right out from the shoulder at the selfishness of the commercial world of to-day. The plot is slight in construction, but the interest is well sustained throughout. The two leading characters which give the title to the book are types of to-day, the former representing the spirit of greed which makes the money maker, the latter the poet who is hampered at every step by the commonplace.

"Alden's Nutshell Encyclopedia," published by John B. Alden, New York City, is a useful reference work that is to be completed in four volumes of a convenient size to handle. Its distinguishing feature is that it deals very fully with the men o fto-day and with the most recent events in all departments of knowledge. It answers well as a supplement of the large encyclopedia and is sold at such a moderate price that it is within the reach of every one.

"A Flower of France," by Marah Ellis Ryan, is published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. It is a story of old Louisiana, dating back for its incidents and pictures to the long ago period of 1768. France and Spain and the Indian, each jealous of the other, occupied contiguous territory. Life under such conditions was full of excitement, and the romancer found in the wild scenes and tragedies ample facts more exciting than romance. The curse of human slavery was even then felt in Louisiana, and the beautiful slave girl is among the most interesting characters of the story. The several characters of the story.

The Open Court Publishing company, Chicago, in its Religion of Science library, prints a very interesting essay by Alfred Binet on "The Psychic Life of Micro Organisms." It is a study in experimental psychology, revealing through the microscope the fact that there is no protoplasmic or cell life so rudimentary but has the sense and feeling which are afterward found in the more complex animal or being formed out of such living protoplasm by cell combination. Germs are alive and, if animal, have the feelings and perceptions of the animals composed of them.

"Bed Diamonds" is a story by Justin McCarthy, which is published in paper covers by D. Appleton & Co., New York City. It is a full length novel, and holds the interest of the reader from first to last.

"The Fortunes of Margaret Weld," by Mrs. S. M. H. Gardner, is published by the Arena Publishing company of Boston. The story describes the life of a woman who, like George Eliot, rebelled against the limitations of church law, and threw off conventional bonds. It is told with great delicacy and is most interesting whatever may be the judgment with regard to the questions designed to be treated. The character of Professor Johns is well pictured as a cold, clever egotist, between whom and Margaret the only bond is their intellectual pursuits.

"Glimpses Through Life's Windows," which is published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York, is a pretty little volume made up of selections from the writings of J. R. Miller, author of "Silent Times," "Making the Most of Life," etc., which have been arranged by Evalena J. Fryes. These "Glimpses" make very good short readings on occasions, after teaching a lesson or giving an inspiration when most needed.

"The New Timothy," by William M. Baker, is published in paper covers by Harper & Brothers, New York City. The hero is a young preacher who has finished his education in the East and begins his evangical labors in the Southwest, where he has to unlearn in actual practice much that he had been taught in the theological seminary. As a dissertation to young preachers on how to go about their work, "The New Timothy" has practical value. As a novel it is not especially good.

"Eight Hours for Work," by John Rae, author of "Contemporary Socialism," is published by MacMillan & Co., New York, in a neat volume of over 300 pages. It is a story carefully made of the question of a longer and shorter hours of labor, carried out by a gathering of facts and bearing upon it. Statistics are given of large manufacturing establishments which have reduced the working hours from ten to eight a day, or from 53 to 48 a week, and the effect of the change on the employes and on the amount of manufactured products in each case is given in detail so far as practicable. Where the work done was of the same kind before and after and the time of comparison covered years, Mr. Rae found the effect upon the workman was to make him stronger and quicker so that the really accomplished more in a shorter day than in the longer, while there was a marked improvement in regard to "time lost without leave."

"Mary Fenwick's Daughters," by Beatrice Whitby, is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York City, in their Town and Country Library. It is a charmingly written story with a simple but ingenious plot, and well drawn characters. Those who read "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick," will open this volume with pleasure.

Another of the publications of the Appletons, also in this excellent series is "The Rich Miss Riddle," by Dorothea Gerard, the author of "A Queen of Curds of Cream," "Etelka's Vow," etc.

"Divorce, or Faithful and Unfaithful," by Margaret Lee, is published by Lovell, Coryell &Co., New York. It is a story of American modern life, which is designed to attack divorce laws prevalent in most of the United States. In this respect the volume may do good, although it is exaggerated in some respects such as the absurd door mat submission of Constance, the heroine to her husband, a thoroughly bad man.

In paper covers from F. T. Neely, Chicago, comes "The Princess of Alaska," further described as a story of two countries by Richard Henry Savage, and "In the Quarters," by Robert W. Chambers.

"A Brighton Night" and "A Brooklyn Bachelor" are two stories from the pen of Margaret Lee, the author of "Divorce," already noticed in these columns, are published in one volume in tasteful paper covers by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York City.

AT LAST.

She let her hand be taken, and with confidence unshaken he tried his best to waken in her heart some sentiment.

With a wondrous burst of feeling round her waist his arm was stealing, yet her face showed no revealing of her mind's ingenuous bent.

His voice, quite low and pleading, for himself was interceding, but the maiden paid no heeding to the words that he might say.

And no lover persevering ever had so dumb a hearing to his terms of love endearing as she gave to him that day.

Until his chance he waited with a guile premeditated, and with cheek unmitigated up and kissed her. Then she cried:

"There, you monster! I just knew it! I was sure, or quite near to it, if I waited you would do it. Now I hope you're satisfied."

—Tom Masson in Life.

HE KEPT HIS HEAD.

The Admirable Condition of a Man After a Railroad Smashup.

"There isn't anything in the world that I know," he said to a Philadelphia Press reporter, "that makes a man lose his senses so completely as being tumbled over and over in a falling car, and yet I met a man once who seemed the personification of coolness in just such a situation. As soon as our car left the track we were all shot from our berths in various directions, being tumbled up and down and around as the car kept on turning somersaults. Like the people I read about, we landed in the water, and when the car came to a standstill after its terrifying bumping and crushing I was so frightened that I could scarcely move my arms to keep my head above water.

"Near me was a man who kept his head.

"'Don't splash around so,' he said. 'You'll cut yourself. The car is full of broken glass, lamps, wrenched rods and rails, and you'll hack yourself to pieces.'

"But I thought I was drowning, and I shouted my fears to him.

"'Oh, no,' said he, 'we are not drowning; we'll get out of this easily.'

"But it was not so easy to escape as my cool friend assured me. The whole inside work had been shattered, and there was nothing by which we could climb to the windows, which were high above us, as our car was overturned, lying on its roof.

"We made so many efforts to jump up, always falling back into the water, that I became exhausted. My friend, however, kept on encouraging me.

"Finally with his assistance, I managed to clutch a window frame and I got out. He followed me shortly afterward.

"The first thing he did when he had climbed outside was to examine himself for cuts and other wounds.

"'Well, I guess I am all-r,' he said.

"After we had set there for a while, watching with shivers the wreckers working out to us, my friend declared that he was going to crawl back into the car.

"'Great heavens!' I begged, 'don't do that; we were lucky to get out once. You might get pinned there or drowned by the rising water.'

"'I have a waistcoat in there,' he answered, 'and in the inside rocket there's over $1,000. I am going back for that waistcoat. My berth, was at one end and I might be able to find it.'

"In the face of my protests he crawled back through the window, and when he dropped down with a loud splash I was as 'rattled' as if I had been there again myself. I could hear him puffing around in the water down there for a long time while he fished for his waistcoat. Finally his wet head came through the window once more, and I never was more glad to see a man.

"'I got it!' he said, with a triumphant laugh. 'Pretty wet, but the bills seem to be here.' Watch is gone. Too bad; it was given me by my father. I can't expect to save everything out of a railroad wreck,' he added cheerfully.

"He was a cool man, that fellow, and nothing could disturb his good humor."

That Tired Feeling

Is a dangerous condition directly due to depleted or impure blood. It should not be allowed to continue, as in its debility the system is especially liable to serious attacks of illness. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for such a condition, and also for that weakness which prevails at the change of season, climate or life.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25 cents.

A Vacation of an Hour.

It was last summer when the weather was the hottest that my spirits reached their lowest ebb. My baby, the youngest of five children—the oldest was eight years old—was six weeks old, and for two weeks I had been struggling with my housework, except my washing and ironing.

It was just then, when I was feeling very blue, that I read Eleanor Kirk's letter from the seaside, and that added the crowning touch to my discontent. For several days I pitied myself as unhappy and miserable as possible, but at last common sense stepped to the rescue.

"See here," I said to myself, "you can't scoop a seat for yourself from the sand at the seashore, nor can you go to the mountains, nor even get competent help for your housework, but there is something you can do. There is a hammock in the front yard in which you have not rested this summer, but you know you can manage to secure an hour there if you try. So, instead of mourning over the vacation which you can't have, take the one you may have, and make the most of it."

Well, I did it. I put the children to bed early, turned blind eyes on the stack of mending and sewing, and walked to that hammock, and there I stayed for more than an hour. I did not sleep. My rest was far better than sleep. I just emptied my mind of all care and anxiety, and allowed Peace and Faith and Hope free entry. Once I heard the baby cry, but it did not disturb me, and so I had my hour in which all that was the best and noblest in me received new strength, and I arose feeling no fear for the struggle of the coming days, knowing that power was given me to meet their trials and duties.

I would have preferred a month at the seashore, but, failing that, I have proved that much good may result from a vacation of an hour in a hammock.—M. Miller, in Eleanor Kirk's Idea.

No Reason at All.

Missouri Judge—"Stand up, sir. Have you anything to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed on you?"

"I'm not the prisoner, yer honor. I'm a detective."

Judge (fiercely)—"Is that any reason?"—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

A Stupefying Question.

Pretty Girl—All the girls in our set are going to be vaccinated to-morrow night. Do you know where?"

Bashful Youth (blushing deeply)—Really—I—I couldn't—er—um.

Pretty Girl—Oh, you'd never guess in the world. We are all going to meet at Cousin Clara's house, and be vaccinated there.

The Tenton Was Impressed.

A young man fresh from college wore as a scarf-pin a jeweled gold potato bug. One day he called the attention of an old German bookseller to it, asking:

"Isn't that pretty, Dutchy?"

"Ja, ja," was the reply. "Dot ish der biggest pug on der schmalliest botato I haf efer seen."

An Example.

If you are inclined to underrate the importance of small things, consider how much insomnia there is in one fly.—Chicago Herald.

SLEEPLESSNESS,

Nervous Debility, Nervous Exhaustion, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Melancholia, and kindred ailments, whether from over anxiety, overwork or study, or unnatural habits or excesses, are treated as a specialty, with great success, by the Staff of Specialists attached to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y. Personal examinations not always necessary. Many cases are successfully treated at a distance.

ASTHMA, a new and wonderfully successful treatment has been discovered for Asthma and Hay Fever, which can be used by mail or express.

It is not simply a palliative but a radical cure.

For pamphlets, question blanks, references and particulars in relation to any of the above mentioned diseases, address, with 4c. in stamps, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

O. I. C. Hogs.

J. S., Kansas: The O. I. C. and Ohio Improved Chester, or Chester white hogs, are, so far as the editor knows, one and the same. The Chester whites originated in Chester county, Pennsylania. As they were not an established breed, it was claimed by some people, when they were first introduced that they did not breed true, but since then there has been great improvement in this respect. This breed of hogs has undergone improvement not only in the county in which they originated, but in Ohio. The Ohio hogs now take high rank. It is thought by many people who raise them that the Chester white hogs are nearer perfection as hogs than any others, and that no breed can compete with it. There are those who believe that a cross of the Berkshire or Suffolk pure bred hog with a Chester white sow, makes a better hog in some respects. The Chester white hog is not disposed to roam and grub, is gentle in disposition and contented. As a great point in their favor is that they are strong and healthy. If well cared for until they are 12 or 15 15 months' old, they will yield from 400 to as big as 700 pounds of pork. The Chester white hog of the best specimen is long and deep in carcass, broad and straight on the back, short in the leg, full in the ham, full shoulder, very short neck, small head, short nose, dish-shaped face, broad between the eyes, moderate ear, thin skin and straight hair.

Streaks of Blood in Milk—White Flakes.

P. H. W., California: The streaks of red in the milk may be the result of bacterial formations or rupture of some of the small veins in the udder. White flakes in butter are on account of too much acidity, too rapid souring of the milk or of keeping the milk in too warm a place and not stirring it every day when fresh cream is added. The resemblance of buttermilk to wheat bran is on account of too long keeping and not stirring the cream to secure even condition. When the cream is turned into the churn if the bottom is watery, and has a smut and whey-like smell, that part of the cream will foam and cause an emulsion. When the butter is removed from the churn, this remains in the buttermilk. The treatment for your cow should be: Give a full pound of Epsom salts in a quart of warm water. Follow this with 1 oz. pulverized saltpetre in the drinking water once a day for ten days. Then give a daily dose of 1 oz. hyposulphite of soda for two weeks, sprinkled on scalded bran or cut feed. Bathe the udder well. If there are hard spots in the udder rub with glycerine, 4 ozs., iodine, 1 drachm. Mix with just sufficient water to make a solution. Give a cow salt at which to lick.

Horse Slobbers.

W. B., Colorado: A mare at the age of 14 will at times slobber on account of uneven or defective teeth; also by the lips being bruised at the corners of the mouth. Sores will form in the mouths of old horses by reason of feed being clogged between the teeth. Give easily digested food. Examine the mouth carefully, and if the teeth are uneven so that mastication can not be done rapidly, they must be filed. If sores are seen wash the parts with a strong solution of alum and water.

Why Does Butter Go Back Into the Milk?

H. A. L., South Dakota: To begin churning, the temperature of the cream should be about 55 degrees Fah. In churning the motion should not be too quick or too slow. If the agitation is too quick, the butter will make and remake itself before you know it. Too rapid churning causes fermentation, which, when it reaches a certain point, destroys the possibility of making anything like good butter. If the motion be too slow, the agitators in the churn will not cause the desired separation of the component parts of the cream. Cream is at times refractory, because of the bad condition of the water given the cow. Twenty-four hours is long enough for the milk to stand in deep pails, and 36 hours for shallow pans, before the cream is removed. The cream should be kept 24 to 36 hours at a temperature of 60 degrees, but no longer than it is slightly acid. When butter will not come, change the temperature of the cream by throwing into the churn a quantity of cold water. Foaming in the churn may be due to too slow or too high temperature or too long keeping.

Green Lice on Fruit Trees—Mites on Chickens.

Mrs. A. E. L., Oregon:—For the green lice on fruit trees, spray them with diluted Bordeaux mixture, namely: Copper sulphate (blue vitriol), 4 lbs.; quick lime, 4 lbs.; water, 50 gallons. Use more or less in quantity according to the number of trees. Dissolve the copper sulphate in 2 gallons of water, and pour into the barrel or tank used in spraying, after which fill the tank nearly half full of cold water. Slake the lime in another vessel and pour into the copper solution, straining first through brass wire strainer. The lime will not dissolve readily. Hence, after pouring off each time more water is to be added to the lime and poured off as before, until nearly all the lime is dissolved. Water to make 40 or 50 gallons in all is to added. For the mites on your chickens, first clean away all the straw in their house in which the mites may reside; then wipe all the perches, both under and on top with a rag saturated with kerosene oil. Sprinkle buhach or pyrethrum powder up along the necks and backs and under the wings of the chickens. If you cannot get these powders pure, try Scotch snuff, although it is not so efficient. Rub kerosene along all the cracks of the house. But be sure to first clean away all old straw. The reason your chickens fell from the roosts and died is because you fed them too much, and they were stricken with apoplexy.

Something About Cheat.

C. W. S., Tennessee: The true name of cheat, or chess, is Bromus Secalinus. It is so well known that it is unnecessary to describe it in full. It is a distinct plant. The editor knows that many very intelligent men have declared that wheat turns into chess, but careful investigation has shown that chess is not in any way related to wheat. All species, and not unfrequently genera, will hybridize, but chess will not hybridize with wheat. Climate, soil and culture may modify or improve given species of plants or animals, yet it does not change one species into another. Chess has as perfect a flower as wheat, and produces a grain capable of germination, and thus reproduces and perpetuates its species. The husk, or chaff of chess is very thick, and protects the albuminous body for several years from decay when it is too deep in the earth. Chess requires considerable moisture to induce it to germinate; hence it is found in abundance in moist places. There it grows more rankly than wheat, and frequently overshadows and checks the wheat. The thick hull, or chaff of chess protects the albuminous body from the operation of digestion in the craw of birds, or stomachs of horses or cattle. The chess seeds may be dropped by birds or animals wide distances apart, and the seeds germinate. Hence chess or chess is frequently found around logs in newly cleared lands.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rules for the Dairy.

1. Cow-sheds should receive regular and thorough cleaning every morning. Refuse carried out to the manure heaps; stall well cleaned with farm hose, afterwards brushed; channel brushed, and washed out well; clean bedding laid down; feeding-trough always cleaned out previous to feeding time; warmth of shed attended to and no draughts of cold air allowed.

2. Ventilation of cow-shed should have particular attention every morning; after the shed is cleaned out, open the top and bottom of window.

3. Cows well cleaned with the currycomb and brush each morning.

4. The cow's teats cleaned before milking.

5. Milk should have particular attention in straining it.

6. Rooms containing cream and milk, also milk pans require careful attention; washing and keeping clean of room and milk vessels well attended to; the room also kept well ventilated; no bad air allowed.

7. Churns kept well cleaned; always washed out clean previous to working them.

8. Temperature of cream previous to churning carefully attended to; for the purpose have a thermometer

Talmage's Sermon.

MANY SITUATIONS WHICH TEST PARENTAL AFFECTION.

Lessons From the Lives of Jacob and Joseph Applied to the Life of To-Day.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now nearing the Antipodes, on his round-the-world journey, has selected as the subject for his sermon through the press this week, "The Rustic in the Palace," the text being taken from Gen. xiv. 28, "I will go and see him before I die."

Though, when the little child expired, the parents may not have been more than 25 years of age, and now they are 75, yet the vision of the cradle, and the childish face, and the first utterances of the infantile lips are fresh to-day, in spite of the passage of a half century. Joseph was as fresh in Jacob's memory as ever, though, at 17 years of age, the boy had disappeared from the old homestead. I found in our family record the story of an infant that had died fifty years before and I said to my parents: "What is this record and what does it mean?" Their chief answer was a long deep sigh.

It was to them a very tender sorrow. What does that all mean? Why, it means our children departed are ours yet, and that cord of attachment reaching across the years will hold us until it brings us together in the palace, as Jacob and Joseph were brought together. That is one thing that makes old people die happy. They realize it is reunion with those from whom they have long been separated. I am often asked as pastor—and every pastor is asked the question—"Will my children be children in heaven and forever children?" Well, there was no doubt a great change in Joseph from the time Jacob lost him and the time when Jacob found him—between the boy 17 years of age and the man in mid-life, his forehead developed with the great business of state; but Jacob was glad to get back anyhow, and it did not make much difference to the old man whether the boy looked older or looked younger. And it will be enough joy for that parent if he can get back that son, that daughter, at the gate of heaven, whether the departed one shall come a cherub or in full-grown angelhood. There must be a change wrought by that celestial climate and by those supernal years, but it will only be from loveliness, to move loveliness and from health to more radiant health.

O, parent, as you think of the darling, panting and white in membranous croup, I want you to know it will be gloriously bettered in that land where there has never been a death, and where all the inhabitants will live on in the great future as long as God! Joseph was Joseph notwithstanding the palace, and your child will be your child notwithstanding all the reigning splendors of everlasting noon. What a thrilling visit was that of the old shepherd to the prime minister, Joseph! To see the old countryman seated in the palace looking around at the mirrors and fountains and carved pillars, and oh! how he wishes that Rachel, his wife, was alive, and she could have come with him to see their son in his great house. "Oh," says the old man within himself, "I do wish Rachel could be here to see all this!" I visited at the farm house of the father of Millard Fillmore when the son was President of the United States, and the octogenarian farmer entertained me until 11 o'clock at night telling me what great things he saw in his son's house at Washington, and what Daniel Webster said to him, and how grandly Millard treated his father in the White House. The old man's face was illumined with the story until almost midnight. He had just been visiting his son at the Capitol. And I suppose it was something of the same joy that thrilled the heart of the old shepherd as he stood in the palace of the prime minister. It is a great day with you when your old parents come to visit you. Your little children stand around with great wide-open eyes, wondering how anybody could be so old.

The parents cannot stay many days, for they are a little restless, and especially at nightfall, because they sleep better in their own bed; but while they tarry, no home has so mixed prosperity as a benediction in every room in the house. They are a little feeble, and you make it as easy as you can for them, and you realize they will probably not visit you very often—perhaps never again. You go to their room after they have retired at night to see if the lights are properly put out, for the old people understand candle and lamp better than the modern apparatus for illumination. In the morning, with real interest in their health, you ask them how they rested last night. Joseph, in his historical scene of the text, did not think any more of his father than you do of your parents. The probability is, before they leave your house they shall spoil your children with kindness. Grandfather and grandmother are more lenient and indulgent to your children than they ever were to you. And what wonders of revelation in the bonbonière pocket of the one and the sleeve of the other! Blessed is that home where Christian parents come to visit! Whatever may have been the style of the architecture when they came, it is a palace before they leave. If they visit you 50 times, the two most memorable visits will be the first and the last. Those two pictures will hang in the hall of your memory while memory lasts, and you will remember just how they looked and where they sat, and what they said, and at what figure in the carpet, and at what doorsill they parted with you, giving you the final good-bye. Do not be embarrassed if your father come to town and he have the manners of the shepherd, and your mother come to town and there be in her hat no sign of costly millinery.

I may say in regard to the most of you that your parents have probably visited you for the last time, or will soon pay you such a visit, and I have wondered if they will ever visit you in the King's palace. "Oh," you say, "I am in the pit of sin!" Joseph was in the pit. "Oh, you say, "I am in the prison of mine iniquity!" Joseph was once in prison. "Oh," you say, "I didn't have a fair chance; I was denied maternal attendance!" Joseph was denied maternal attendance. "Oh," you say, "I am far away from the land of my nativity!" Joseph was far from home. "Oh," you say, "I have been betrayed and exasperated!" Did not Joseph's brethren sell him to a passing Ishmaelitish caravan? Yet God brought him to that emblazoned residence, and if you will trust his grace in Jesus Christ, you, too, will be empaleced. Oh, what a day that will be when the old folks coming from an adjoining mansion in heaven, and find you amid the alabaster pillars of the throne-room, and living with the King! They are coming up the steps now, and the epauletted guard of the palace rushes in and says: "Your father's coming, your mother's coming!" And when, under the arches of precious stones, and on the pavement of porphyry you greet each other, the scene will eclipse the meeting on the Goshen highway, when Joseph and Jacob fell on each other's necks and wept a good while.

But oh, how changed the old folks will be! Their cheek smoothed into the flesh of a little child. Their stooped posture lifted into immortal symmetry. Their foot now so feeble, then with the sprightliness of a bounding roe, as they shall say to you: "A spirit passed this way from earth, and told us that you were wayward and dissipated after we left the world; but you have repented, our prayers have been answered, and you are here; and as we used to visit you on earth before we died, now we visit you in your new home after our ascension." And father will say, "Mother, don't you see Joseph is yet alive?" and mother will say, "Yes, father, Joseph is yet alive." And then they will talk over their earthly anxieties in regard to you, and the midnight supplications in your behalf, and they will recite to each other the old Scripture passage with which they used to cheer their staggering faith: "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee." Oh, the palace, the palace, the palace! That is what Richard Baxter called "The Saints' Everlasting Rest." That is what John Bunyan called the "Celestial City." That is Young's "Night Thoughts" turned into morning exultations. That is Gray's "Elegy in a Churchyard" turned to resurrection spectacle. That is the shepherd of Salisbury Plains amid the flocks on the hills of heaven. That is the famine-struck Padanaram turned into the rich pasture fields of Goshen. That is Jacob visiting Joseph at the emerald castle.

Their Name is Legion.

Reader, there are many blood purifying medicines.

There is but one Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not allow high-sounding advertisements or any other devices to turn you from your purpose to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because in this purpose you are right and will not be disappointed in the result.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is an honest medicine, honestly advertised, effects honest cures, and gives every patron a fair equivalent for his money. What more can you reasonably ask?

A fair trial guarantees a complete cure.

CORA AND CHASKA.

A Romance Set Forth in Something Worse Than Blank Verse.

When Cora Belle Fellows was wedded to Chaska and came with her dusky liege lord to Nebraska the skies seemed bedecked with a constant aurora and the little log hut seemed a palace to Cora.

Months passed and a cloud grew above the horizon in the form of a squaw, and those women are "pizen." Her eyes were as dark as the dismal hereafter, and her hair was as straight as a twenty-six rafter. The stout heart of Chaska succumbed to her graces, for an Indian knows what an elegant face is; and they met when the moon the calm atmosphere mellows, nor cared for the heartache of Cora Belle Fellows.

One night when the storm king the coal scuttle looted this Chaska put on his red blanket and scooted away to the north with this malden, nor tarried till he and fair Minnekadinctum were married. And Cora she waited and bore his abuses, and hoped he'd return to his wife and papoose; but weeks rolled by, till the looks of her cupboard reminded sorely of Old Mother Hubbard. Then Cora disheartened, disgusted and gaunted, deserted the home that her Chaska once haunted, and mingled once more with her friends, broken-hearted, and Cora and Chaska forever are parted. This is the tale of her sorrows internal, as chronicled in the Nebraska State Journal.

A moral this tale bears to girls who, through folly, or strange love of romance imagine a jolly life must their sad lot with the sons of the wildwood and seek a divorce from the friends of their childhood. The romance is short, as in this case related, for Cora now knows she was sadly mismated, and has, with the rest, the unhappy reflection of duty to half-breeds that need her protection. The question of Indian civilization involves not a little mixed procreation. An Indian has to be dead to be decent, which fact has been known a long time—is not recent—and history shows, from the best observations, that half-breeds are worse than their tribal relations.

ONLY FOOLED HER ONCE.

Impecunious Husband Who Forgot the Trick He Played On His Wife.

I have a friend who is comfortably well off, with a reasonable amount of good investments and a good salary, but he has a weakness for using money freely, says a writer in the Boston Journal. He has also a good wife with "a frugal mind," and by a domestic arrangement she exerts a salutary check on the liberality of her spouse. Occasionally he exceeds his allowance and indulges in tricks on his "banker" to secure a little pocket money, for which he does not desire to render a strict account. Not long ago he needed a new hat and bought it, reporting to his good wife that it cost him $3, and that sum was duly charged by her to his personal expenses, while in fact he paid but $1.50 at a "marked down" sale, and so had an equal amount to "blow in" without exposure. In a little time, however, the wife called his attention to the fact that his hat was looking shabby and suggested that he should get a new one, coupling the suggestion with the remark that the hat did not seem to have worn well, and he must exercise more care in his next selection. Having forgotten his "little game," the husband replied hastily that he thought the hat had done pretty good service for a cheap one. "You can't expect anything from a $1.50 hat."

"How's that?" says the wife, and forthwith she exhibited her account book with its charge of $3, and the husband was forced to confess his fraud and promise better conduct in future. There is peace just now in that family, but when he brings home a purchase the wife calmly but firmly asks him to turn in a receipted bill from the salesman.

A Name for Every Bee in the Hive.

The "smart" city boy has countless wonderful stories to tell to his country cousin when he goes to the farm for a part of the summer. The city may not be a good place for him to stay in the warm weather, but it is a good place to brag about. City Boy got caught, however, when he had pumped Country Boy full of yarns about marvellous things in the metropolis.

"Well, I know," said Country Boy with an angelic look on his freckled face, "but my uncle over to Cross Roads beats 'em all. He's got 20 hives of bees and he's got a name for every bee."

City Boy jeered, but Country Boy stuck to his yarn stubbornly until City Boy, seeing a chance to get a big story to tell in the city, was convinced.

"Well," he said, "tell me some of the names. What does he call some of them?"

"Bees," said Country Boy, his face as expressionless as a freckled flour sack, "just bees. He calls 'em all bees."—N. Y. Tribune.

All Proof Lacking.

"I hope, sor, you will assist a poor man whose house and everything that was in it, including me family, sor, was burned up two month ago last Thursday, sor."

The merchant to whom this appeal was addressed, while very philanthropic, is also very cautious, so he asked: "Have you any papers or certificate to show that you lost anything by fire?"

"I did have a certificate, sor, signed before a notary public, to that effect, but it was burned up, sor, in the house with me family and the rest of me effects."—London Tit-Bits.

A Strategic Mother.

Mrs. Yerger—Tommy, do you want some nice peach jam?

Tommy—Yes, ma.

"I was going to give you some to put on your bread, but I've lost the key of the pantry."

"You don't need the key, ma. I can reach down through the transom and open the door from the inside."

"That's what I wanted to know. Now just wait till your father comes home."—Texas Siftings.

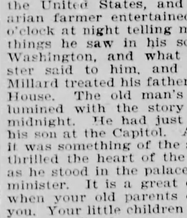
A WOMAN'S BACK.

THE MAINSPRING OF HER LIFE.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

Few people realize this.

What can she do, where can she go, so long as that dreadful backache saps both strength and ambition?



She cannot walk or stand, her duties are heavy burdens, and she is utterly miserable.

The cause is some derangement of the uterus or womb. Backache is the sure symptom.

For years Sarah Holstein, who lives at 7 Perry Street, in Lowell, Mass., suffered with falling of the womb. The best doctors failed to relieve her, and as a last resort she purchased six bottles of *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound. Now she is a well woman.

The dreadful pain in her back stopped after taking the second bottle. She wishes she had taken it sooner, and saved both money and years of suffering.

This Vegetable Compound is the one unfailing remedy for such troubles. A woman discovered it and gave it to woman.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

An Interesting War Story.

Gen. Louis Wagner, of Philadelphia, is a conspicuous figure at Grand Army reunions. On such occasions he sometimes exhibits to his comrades a time worn Confederate "shinplaster" of the denomination of $20. Scrawled across the back of the bill in a large flowing handwriting is written in ink the autograph of an ex-Confederate colonel. If the genial general happens to feel in the right mood he will smooth that dog-eared old 'shinplaster" out on a table, remove the big 7 5-8 hat from the dome like brow that crowns his fertile brain and tell you a good story about the "shinplaster" and the dome-like brow.

General Wagner a few years ago was the director of public works in Philadelphia. He was the first man to enjoy the honors and emoluments of the position after it was created by the Bullett bill charter, under which the Quaker municipality is now governed. It happened that during one of the summer months of his incumbency a lot of Pickett's Virginia veterans came North, accompanied by Gen. Pickett's widow, and on the field of Gettysburg, where they had made their immortal charge, they held a reunion and fraternized with the boys of Webb's Philadelphia brigade, who had so gallantly met and repulsed their impetuous assault. They clasped hands over "the Bloody Angle" and held a prolonged mutual admiration society on the spot where they had once fought hand to hand. "Doing the fraternizing act" was the way Gen. Wagner characterized it, for he isn't so much given to post-bellum sentiment as are some of his fellow veterans.

The Pickett survivors, accompanied by their wives and daughters, were shown all the sights in Philadelphia, too, among them the big white marble elephant that blockades Broad and Market streets—the City Hall. Gen. Wagner was sitting there in state in his official capacity. As he was introduced to the various members of the Virginia party, a gray haired, but dapper little ex-colonel stepped forward and grasped Gen. Wagner's hand effusively.

"So this is Gen. Louis Wagner?" said the petite ex-colonel, and then with a bow he produced from his wallet an old $20 Confederate bill, and holding it toward the general, he said in a tone loud enough to be heard by the entire party: "General, your name is very familiar to me, and I have long owed you a debt which I have never heretofore had the opportunity to cancel. Permit me to cancel it now, I think this sum will about square the affair."

"Pardon me," General Wagner retorted, pleasantly, "but I really cannot accept this note as collateral security unless it bears your personal indorsement, colonel."

"Certainly," said the Virginian, entering into the spirit of the pleasantry, and seizing a pen from the general's desk, he inscribed his autograph across the back of the bill and returned it with another profound bow.

"And now, Colonel," said General Wagner, "since our little debt is so pleasantly cancelled, you must be kind enough to tell me how in the world you came to owe me my debtor."

"Nothing easeir," said the little colonel. "Don't you remember during the Wilderness fight, that in a certain skirmish your lines were driven back one day, and our boys occupied your camp and captured your headquarters tent along with it?"

"Yes, I regret to say that I do remember that distinctly," the general admitted with just a shadow of chagrin.

"Well," the little colonel went on, and by this time every one present was listening, "it happened that it was my regiment that captured your headquarters, and I found there, in your tent, a very nice straw hat with a wide brim. It had your name in it. I wore that hat often after that, and naturally your name was familiar to me. Allow me, therefore, after all these years, to pay you for the hat."

Now General Wagner might have received that hat not in the habit of wearing straw hats during his campaigning days, but he chose to get the laugh back on the little colonel in a more subtle way. So he chuckled good naturedly, and said simply:

"Well, colonel, you must have cut a great figure riding at the head of your regiment in that old straw hat of mine."

The colonel walked straight into the trap laid for him. "Yes, indeed," he said, "that's what all the boys used to tell me."

"And just to give our friends here some idea of how you must have looked," said General Wagner, "permit me to illustrate," and taking up his own 7 5-8 headgear, that lay conveniently on the top of his desk, he advanced gracefully and clapped it over the head of the astonished Virginian. The little colonel was completely extinguished. The rim of the general's hat rested upon his shirt collar and completely concealed his ears.

There was a shout of laughter at the little colonel's discomfiture, and then somebody remarked in a stage whisper:

"Either the colonel's head must have been a good bit swelled thirty years ago or else the general's has swelled a trifle since he left the army."—Ex.

A Friend of the Soldiers.

Mrs. Mary A. Bickerdyke, when the war came, was an Ohio woman, a resident of Cleveland. A widow, with two sons too young for the army, she volunteered in behalf of the private soldiers. "Poor fellows," she said, "with but a private's pay, a private's fare and a private's dangers. They were dear to somebody, and I will be a mother to them." The boys remember her as a woman of robust strength, able to lift them, if need be, in her arms; determined in her ways, and yet with a heart attuned to the tenderest sympathy, and able upon Northern platforms to speak with fervid eloquence in their behalf. Their endearing name was "Mother Bickerdyke. She was a great favorite with Grant, Sherman, Logan and McPherson, who listened to her appeals, invariably granting them. In this she was never known to ask for anything for herself. Her requests were always for something that would promote the welfare of their men or private soldiers. Nothing escaped her eye. On the battle ground, in the field, camp, post or general hospitals her strong arm was ever ready to lift the wounded soldier as tenderly as his own mother could have done. She would not tolerate any neglect of the men on the part of any one, either surgeons, assistant surgeons or surgeons.

Her vigilance and her authority are illustrated by the following incident: While visiting one of the wards containing badly wounded soldiers, at nearly 11 o'clock in the morning, she found the assistant surgeon, who had been out on a drunken spree the night before, had not made out the special diet list, and the men, faint and hungry, had had no breakfast. She turned on him and denounced him in the strongest terms, and as he came in with an attempt at jollity inquired, "Hoity-toity! What's the matter?" she turned on him with: "Matter enough, you miserable scoundrel! Here these men, any one of them worth a thousand of you, are suffered to starve because you want to be off on a drunk. Put off your shoulder straps, for you shall not stay in the army a week longer." Within three days she had caused his discharge. General Sherman listened to his appeal for restoration and inquired who had procured his dismissal. "I was discharged on account of misrepresentations," answered the surgeon, evasively. "But who caused your discharge?" persisted the general. "Why," said the surgeon, hesitatingly, "I suppose it was that woman, Mrs. Bickerdyke." "Oh," said Gen. Sherman, "she ranks me; you will have to go to President Lincoln."—H. D. T. in Rocky Mountain News.

In Spite of It.

She—And so they are married! Was it a case of love at first sight?

He—I imagine not—The first time he saw her she was riding a bicycle.—Life.

DOWE'S SECRET.

How His Mysterious Bullet-Proof Coat is Made.

News comes from London that the magic material, of which Herr Dowe makes his bullet-proof coat, consists essentially of a combination of a material woven of china grass, the fibers of which are very tenacious, and the blades of tempered steel, aluminum or iron disposed so that their edges are presented to the bullet. To make the nature of the invention quite clear see the two diagrams—Figure 1 showing

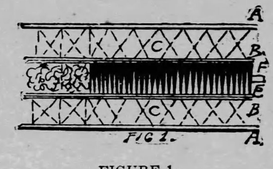


FIGURE 1.

section of the cuirass and Figure 2 the arrangement of the metal blades.

The way in which the cuirass is constructed is as follows: A sheet of linen or canvas is taken, marked "a" in Figure 1. On this is laid a sheet of water-proof material, b, and then layers of china grass, c, are placed upon it, the fibers all disposed in the same direction until the sheet is as thick as is required. Another sheet of canvas is then placed upon it, and the whole is sewed together and subjected to pressure. One sheet of this kind forms the front of the cuirass and another the back. If it is only required to resist

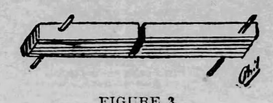


FIGURE 2.

pistol bullets nothing further is required, the materials being sufficiently resistant for this purpose. The china grass requires no treatment of any kind, being used in its natural condition.

To resist rifle bullets, however, something more is required, and this is provided by blades of metal arranged as shown in Figure 2 and placed between the front and back of the cuirass (Figure 1), with a metal casing, c, on each side of them, the whole being held in position by a padding of felt, g. The blades are sharp at the edge presented to the impact of the bullet, and thus, when the latter strikes the cuirass, it is cut up into small pieces whose further progress is stopped by the sheet of china grass material.

Stock Obituary.

"Which she bore uncomplainingly!"

This seems to be a stock phrase in feminine obituaries. But this remark is not usually made of man. It is a woman's business to bear every insult and misuse, all unkindness and tyranny, without a murmur, and the highest compliment that can be paid to her in the minds of these post-mortem rhetoricians is that she attended to her business.

Now, this is all wrong. Every woman has a right to life, liberty, and happiness, and no woman can be happy who is not an individual, and no woman can be an individual who considers it necessary to submit to the whims, caprices, temper, and brutality of a creature which it is a shame to call a man. It is no credit to a woman to endure such a life uncomplainingly. What should she do? Either concentrate her mental power and demand respect and kindly treatment, or quit entirely.

"Oh, yes, it is easy to talk," you say; but how can a woman who is entirely dependent upon a man for support leave him?"

This is the old, old story, and this is why I have so often emphasized the importance of a trade or profession for every girl before marriage. Thank God, there are good and true men who love their wives unselfishly and recognize their rights as individuals, and there are women sweet, and wise, and strong enough to appreciate such men, but there are many animals who pose as men whom no self-respecting woman should live with twenty-four hours. The only way to insure against a continuation of the awful experiences which seem to fall to the lot of some women is to be ready to support one's self at a moment's notice. The law cannot force a woman to continue relations with a drunkard, or one who has no respect or consideration for her. She may not be able to get a divorce, but she can refuse to live under the same roof with him, and there is no law made by men that can overrule her decision if she once makes it and sticks to it. There is one law only that steps in at this point, and that is the law of her own necessity, and this necessity could never arise but for her own ignorance. To feel obliged for the sake of bread and shelter to keep bringing unwelcome children into the world is an awful offense against true womanhood, and one which brings the most terrible consequences. Surely the wives who suffer such crucifixion should know enough to educate their daughters to perfect independence and a steadfast sense of the importance of their individuality.—Eleanor Kirk's Syndicate.

PUCK'S NONSENSE.

The Way He Liked Her.

Mrs. Innit—Grace, are you sure Mr. Huggard loves you for yourself alone?

Grace Innit—I am sure of it, mamma! When he calls he hates awfully to have any one else come into the room!

His Mean Revenge.

Editor Beans County Clarion and Farmers' Friend—No, Silas Hopkins, you can't expect me to take such a scraggy, mean lot of vegetables as that for subscription to my paper for next year.

Silas Hopkins—Well, you oughter, then! Them's the kind o' vegetables I raised from follerin' your advice in your "Hints to Farmers" column.

Not the Same.

"And so she is really a burlesque actress?"

"Yes. Not a real, sure enough actress, you know—just a burlesque of one."

She Looked Into the Future.

He (rejected)—You wring my soul!

She—That's better than wringing clothes.

Not a Dead Loss.

Friend—Oxcuse me, Mr. Bloomenberg; but why do you dress your boys in dose green clothes?

Bloomenberg—Vell, you see, I bought a roll billiard table cloth at auction last month and couldn't sell it—und I had to do something mit it!

The Chicken Came Home.

Powers—I always thought Peffer's Populist friends would get him into trouble some day.

Bowers—What have they done?

Powers—I hear that a delegation of Kansas barbers have called on him to demand employment.

Best Kind of Proof.

A certain prominent and excellent lawyer, of Chicago, but one of the quietest and most unobtrusive of men, steals around noiselessly, with his hands meekly clasped on his breast and a seraphic and perpetual smile. A bon mot at his expense is told of the late Emory Storrs, of Chicago, a brilliant advocate and an exquisite wit. He went to the lawyers office and inquired for him, but was informed that he was out.

"Oh, no, he isn't," he replied, "I know he is in."

"But I assure you, Mr. Storrs, he is not in."

"Now," responded Mr. Storrs, "I know better; he must be in, it is so still in there"—Argonaut.

When Traveling.

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

Fitted for It.

Pipkin—What are you going to do with your son when he gets out of college?

Potts—I think some of sending him to school.

An Apt Child.

Sunday School Teacher—What kind of boys go to heaven?

Small Boy—Dead ones.—Brooklyn Life.

Acting on Her Belief.

"Do you believe in the emancipation of women?" demanded a Boston dame of a Chicago woman.

"Yes, indeed," replied the latter; "I've been divorced five times already."—Judge.

The Sunday School.

Flight Into Egypt.

LESSON IV, JULY 22, 1894.

Golden Text—The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in.—Psa. 121:8.

(Matt. 2:13-23. Memory verses: 13-15.)

13. And when they were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word; for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him.

14. When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt;

15. And was there until the death of Herod; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my son.

16. Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time when he had diligently inquired of the wise men.

17. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy, the prophet, saying,

18. In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

19. But when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt,

20. Saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel; for they are dead which sought the young child's life.

21. And he arose, and took the young child and his mother, and came into the land of Israel.

22. But when he heard that Archelaus did reign in Judea in the room of his father, Herod, he was afraid to go thither; notwithstanding, being warned of God in a dream, he turned aside into the parts of Galilee.

23. And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene.

Illustrative Applications.

When they were departed,....an angel of the Lord appeareth (v. 13). God's messengers are always just at the nick of time. They are never a minute ahead of a minute behind. We needn't think, when they do appear, that by some mistake they have come too soon. Nor need we ever worry lest they should delay their coming too long. Whether they are angels of warning or of comfort, whether they bring messages of sorrow, of rebuke, or of glad tidings, their visit is at the very instant which God knows to be for his glory and for our truest good. And the angels are just as sure to watch over us as they were to watch over Jesus. Their care of God's children is at God's direction, and not at their mere likes and fancies. And God never forgets those for whom his Son gave his life, and now gives his prayers. If you are one of these, God "shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." With that for your assurance, you can lie down trustfully, and rise up confidently, whatever changes surround you.

Be thou there until I tell thee. When we have been assigned to any field of duty, or any place of endurance, we have no right to quit it until God tells us to go elsewhere. It matters not whether it be Egypt or Palestine, London or Chicago; whether we have been there five weeks or forty years. It is not for us to say that we have been there long enough, and that we can do better elsewhere. While it is the place for us, we are to stay on. When it is no longer the place for us, God will tell us to go elsewhere. Whether it is our parish, our station, our parish, or our school, or our class, or our business, or our home, where God has told us to stand,—however barren, and even hopeless, a field it may seem to us—the command is clear and unmistakable from God to each of us, "Be thou there until I tell thee."

That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the Lord (v. 15). Heaven and earth shall pass away, but God's word shall not pass away until all be fulfilled. When a prophecy or a promise is found written in the Bible, we may rest confidently on it as sure to come to pass. No matter how improbable or unreasonable, so also shall be its performance. Resting our finger on a Bible promise to one in poverty, or in bereavement, or in temptation, or in bewilderment, in our hour of similar need, we can say without qualification or fear: "Here is God's promise. It is made personal to me through my faith. I do not see how it can be fulfilled, but I am sure that it will be. If necessary, God will send angels from heaven will set at naught kings and rulers of earth, and will overturn one kingdom into another, in order that it may be fulfilled which was spoken by the Lord." And God will honor such faith in his word as that. Never you doubt it.

Then Herod was exceeding wroth (v. 16.) How angry men are when they are paid off in their own coin! If one thing more than another upsets the temper of a horse-jockey, it would be to find that a clergyman had, by honest shrewdness, got the better of him in a trade, when he thought he had "a sure thing on him." A highwayman would be indignant over the "hypocrisy" of a Quaker, who should outwit him by prolonging the process of emptying his pockets until a policeman appeared from around the corner to take the robber into custody. There is nothing which so sets commercial sharpers against pure and unbefiled religion as the finding themselves in the bad end of a bargain in the sale of stocks to a preacher or an elder who understood the prospects of the market better than they did. Every rogue wants everybody else to be frank and guileless just so far as these traits will help him in his iniquity. When you find a bad man indignant at the course of a well-doer, it is wise to ascertain what evil purposes have been interfered with by the wisdom or the skill of that well-doer.

They are dead that sought the young child's life (v. 20.) There is a sure end to all those who are seeking harm to God's children. But there is no end to God's care of his children. It may seem sometimes as if one who loves and trusts God were hopelessly beset with enemies. Slanderers, persecutors, those who would wrong him for a cause, or those who hate him without a cause, are on every side. Strange temptations, peculiar trials, unexampled sorrows, shut him in, and press upon him. He may be driven from his home. Friends may desert him. It may look as if he were sure to fall or to fail in the struggle. But all this is only for a time. God's love and care are for eternity. "Weeping may tarry for the night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Not my servant," because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass. For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be; yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be. But the meek shall inherit the land; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace."

He was afraid to go thither; and being warned of God in a dream, he withdrew (v. 22.) A man may be afraid even when he is in God's service. He has no need to reproach himself for his fear. But his course must be to go forward or backward, in spite of his fear, just as God shall indicate his proper course. Ordinarily it is a soldier's duty to stand firm and steady in a shower of bullets or of shells, but when a shell bursts a man has acted wisely by ducking his head in order to save his head, when he saw a spherical case shot coming directly toward it on the battle line. Fear of danger is a feeling which is to be yielded to, or resisted, as providential circumstances shall make one's duty clear. Foolhardiness stands over against cowardliness. Both of these extremes are to be avoided. It is a great thing to know when to advance and when to retreat, when to stand steady and when to dodge. The God who instructed the earthly guardian of the Holy Child Jesus on this point will guide unerringly every loving disciple of that same Jesus who sincerely desires such guidance.—H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.

The Candidate's Position.

"The man who attempts to stand on his dignity," said the man with the hay colored waistcoat, "won't amount to much when he gets into a political campaign."

"No," said the man with the new straw hat, "he will do about as well as the fellow who attempts to run on his merits."

"Correct," said the man with the yellow shoes. "The only stand a man can take when he is running for office is to lie on general principles."

On the Road to Wealth.

"Papa," said the young woman, "surely you ought to know better than to use the small "I" in your letters when speaking in the first person singular. You should use the capital."

"Not much I won't," said the plutocratic parent. "The small letter uses up less ink."

A Thorough Confession.

"Herbert," she said, "tell me one thing, and tell me truthfully. Were you ever intoxicated?"

"Well," replied the young man, "I was air-tight once."

"What do you mean?"

"I had a tooth pulled and took laughing gas."

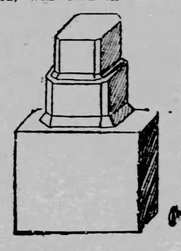
John Henry pleaded with Annella,
And all his passion tried to tell her,
She said, "John H., your words you waste,
Your teeth betray a want of taste,
Your breath offends me, so I say,
Use SOZODONT or stay away."

MIGHTY DRAGON SCALES

ABOUT ARMOR PLATES FOR MODERN WARSHIPS

Recent Advances in Material and Methods—Harveyized Nickel Steel—America's Supremacy.

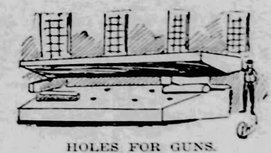
No monster of the deep of which the most learned paleontologist ever had a record, or of which in the wildest flights of fancy the fable teller ever dreamed, was clad in such coats of



THE INGOT.

mail as the modern warship, says the New York Tribune. Plates so large that a single one would cover a bed room floor, and each weighing more than four or five crowded street cars, are fitted close to one another along the sides of our largest naval vessels from stem to stern, and also inclose the fortresses above deck, wherein these mighty craft carry and wield their terrible weapons. Recent and impending tests with armor plate, and the pre-eminence of this country in the art of making them, combine to excite popular interest in the methods of manufacture.

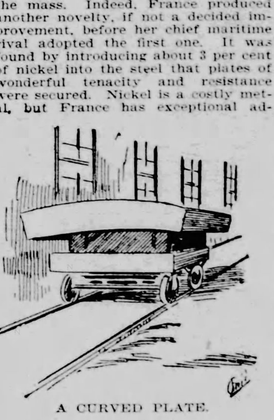
It is now about twenty years since steel displaced iron for this purpose. The English battle-ship Inflexible (374) had armor of the latter material, 24 inches thick, a load of appalling weight for anything to carry with floats; yet this was hardly enough to protect her vital parts from the guns of that day. The French then led the way with steel. At first Great Britain refused to follow, and compromised with "compound" armor, which consisted of a steel face welded on to a wrought iron back, thus uniting superficial hardness with toughness in such a way that they did. Finally, another novelty, if not a decided improvement, before her chief maritime rival adopted the first one. It was found by introducing about 3 per cent of nickel into the steel that plates of wonderful tenacity and resistance were secured. Nickel is a costly metal, but France has exceptional advantages in obtaining it, as a corporation, made up of her own citizens, controls the famous mines in New Caledonia, long the principal center of production. Even yet England is not entirely convinced. The eyes of naval experts, though, were opened wonderfully in the summer of 1890. Three kinds of plates, all-steel, nickel-steel, and compound, were tested at Annapolis by the United States navy department. Henri Schneider, of Le Creusot, France, furnished the first two, and Cammel & Co., of Sheffield, England, the third. Six-inch Holtzer and eight-inch Firth steel shells were used, and experts say that these trials were the most severe that had ever been held up to that time. The nickel-steel plate behaved the best; the all-steel was a fair second in the contest, but the compound plate was a sad wreck, and so was the prestige of the type to which it belonged. Since then the United States has adopted nickel-steel plate for its armor, and the two great establishments which supply the plates for our new navy began producing the valuable alloy.



HOLES FOR GUNS.

Finally, a specially hard face is given to some nickel-steel plate by what is called the "Harvey process," which is only an adaptation, devised by the late Hayward A. Harvey, of what was formerly known as "case-hardening," or "cementation." This consists of the addition of more carbon to the steel by putting a layer of the former upon the latter, and keeping the plate at a very high heat for a certain time, during which the carbon is gradually absorbed. In the welded "compound" plate, about one-third of the whole thickness was steel, and the rest softer metal. But in Harveyizing, the hardening effect is seldom carried to a greater depth than an inch, even in the plates seventeen and eighteen inches thick. But so valuable an improvement is this that several foreign governments, as well as the United States, have bought the privilege of using Harvey's patents (which relate to details of this delicate operation), and splendid royalties are paid for its use.

The Bethlehem Iron Works, in South Bethlehem, Pa., where the heaviest plates yet made for the American navy are produced, are situated in the lower part of the picturesque Lehigh Valley. The works constitute a village in them selves, including as they



A CURVED PLATE.

do blast furnaces, rolling mills, machine shops (a single one of which is 1,320 feet long!), laboratories and offices in confusing succession, and employing (when in full operation) about 3,800 hands.

The Bethlehem company makes its own pig from iron ore, and employs the "open-hearth" system of converting the iron into steel. The latter is made to contain about twenty "points" (or hundredths of one per cent) of carbon. The nickel, amounting to about 3 1-4 per cent, is introduced at a late stage of the operation, and the company has a method of doing so which is supposed to yield particularly good results, and which it keeps secret. Before casting the molten compounds in moulds, samples are taken from the bath for chemical and other tests. If these prove satisfactory, the liquid steel is drawn off in what are called "ladles," but look more like tanks, measuring about six or seven feet in length, breadth and depth, holding from 10 to 20 tons of the fiery, scintillating fluid, and mounted on wheels. Two or more ladlefuls are then discharged through funnels in the tank bottoms into a mould sunk in a pit between rails, on which the ladles run. The ingot thus obtained is shaped something like the block shown in the illustration herewith. Eventually the upper portion is cut off, but it is put there at first for a double purpose. The top of every casting is lighter and less compact than the bottom, and such an extension, technically known as "sinkhead," brings the imperfections outside the limits of what will constitute the plate, and leave only the heaviest and best metal in the latter. Later, too, the ingot is to be inserted in a furnace for reheating, and is to be put under a hammer, and this projection serves as a handle, by which it may be grasped, in a titanic fist called a "porter bar," and held and turned as a horseshoe in a blacksmith's tongs. Mighty cranes and railways perform the work of transfer.

The colossal new steam-hammer of the Bethlehem works has a falling weight of 125 tons, and plates are sometimes subjected to its blows in forging, which process is resorted to, first, in order to render the metal more compact, and secondly, to modify its shape. But hydraulic presses which squeeze the mass have been coming into vogue, at home and abroad, for the last year or so, and the Bethlehem people now have one capable of exerting a pressure of 14,000 tons, which is used in forging armor plate. They also employ, in forging guns and shafting, hydraulic presses giving 2,000 ton and 5,000 ton hugs. By the requirements of the Navy department, the cross section of an armor plate must be reduced in this stage of manufacture in the ratio of one to three—that is, only eight square inches must be left, where before was a surface of twenty-four.

After forging, the plate only needs trimming to be of the size required; and if it is to be flat, it is now of the right form, too. But many plates need to be bent to a certain curve, and these go to another press, with a power of 7,000 tons. Here,

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1894.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 122,000

OUR PREMIUM LIST.

As published last week, contained a number of errors, which we are correcting as rapidly as possible by revision, from letters of correction received from the club-raisers concerned. We shall continue to correct this list during the coming week; and in our next issue the corrected list of awards for the June competition will be printed. One reason for a number of errors was delayed mails, due to the strike. But few changes of importance, however, will need to be made.

JULY CLUBS.

A good reason for special effort on July clubs is the fact that the recent strike troubles have detracted from the interest of our premium offer to such an extent that the best premiums will be earned with smaller clubs. Any one who chooses to make a special effort during the last two weeks of this month will stand a very reasonable chance for one of our best premiums. In well-settled communities, almost any one can raise a club of several hundred in from three to five days. As for clubs of 50 to 100, in any locality, any one can accomplish the number in one day. Therefore you see there is plenty of time yet. Don't forget the clubs of ten! We want hundreds of them from everywhere.

THE KYLE RESOLUTION AND SENATOR DAVIS.

Senator Kyle, the Populistic crank from South Dakota, introduced a resolution the other day in the United States Senate, which is worth careful perusal—not from any value it has, but simply to see the lengths to which men who ought to know better will go in their endeaovr to paralyze the arm of the federal government in its maintenance of public order. The resolution declares:

That no warrant or other process, civil or criminal, shall be issued by any United States commissioner or out of any circuit or district court of the United States against any person or persons for the alleged obstruction of any railroad train or trains, unless it shall appear that such person or persons have obstructed or hindered such in such manner as to interfere with the safe and convenient transportation of the part of such train or trains essential to the safe and convenient transportation of the mails of the United States, and the detachment of Pullman or other parlor or sleeping coaches from any railroad train or trains shall not constitute any offense against the laws of the United States.

This simply would mean, were it passed, that any set of men having a quarrel, just or unjust, with anybody, might stop trains, uncouple cars, and paralyze the entire railway traffic of the United States, except mail cars alone, and the government would be estopped from interfering. This would be anarchy, pure and simple. It is a relief to turn to the ringing reply of Senator Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota, to those who requested him by telegraph to support Kyle's anarchistic resolution. Said he:

I have received your telegram. I will not support Senator Kyle's resolution. It is against your own best interests. It is also a blow at the security, peace, and rights of millions of people who never harmed you or your associates. My duty to the constitution and the laws forbid me to sustain a resolution to legalize lawlessness. The same duty rests upon yourself and your associates. The power to regulate commerce among the several states is vested by the constitution in Congress. Your associates have usurped that power by force at Hammond and other places and have destroyed commerce between the states in these particular instances. You are rapidly approaching the overt act of levying war against the United States, and you will find the definition of that act in the constitution. I trust that wiser thoughts will regain control. You might as well ask me to vote to dissolve this government.

It is refreshing to find one man in the Senate who is not afraid to use plain English in expressing his convictions, without evasion or demagogic circumlocution. Senator Davis's letter is an excellent compendious statement of the powers and duties of the federal government, and of the real attitude of the revolutionists who are now stopping the railway traffic of the country.

Mr. Powderly says he is in favor of government ownership of railways, as a means of ending strikes upon them. But Mr. Powderly omits to state how any difference as to the wage-rate between employes and the government would be settled. The government could not compel the men to work at wages that they might deem too low, nor could it guarantee satisfactory wages without taking the risk of conducting its enterprises at a loss. And every one may be very sure that the people of the United States, outside of the railway employes, would protest strongly against being taxed to run the railroads at a loss. There is a tendency just now to look to the government ownership of anything and everything as a panacea for all evils. It is not the proper remedy. It is not the province of the government to run railways, or any other business of the sort.

Terence V. Powderly, in an address at Asbury Park on Sunday, said:

Every strike that takes place upon a line of railroad is a strike against the whole country. Our railroads are so closely identified with the life of the nation that when you stop any one of these arteries through which the life blood of the nation's prosperity flows, you injure those whom you least expect to injure and whom you would least desire to harm.

That is what Mr. Debs is doing.

The constitution grants to Congress the sole power "to regulate commerce among the several states." Some people appear to forget this, and think this power is vested in the hands of the American Railway union.

The greatest "sympathetic strike" was that which was attempted by the people of the South in 1861. We all recall how that came out.

"EDUCATE THE PEOPLE," IS THE WATCHWORD.

When we believe wholly and entirely in a principle, we are prone to think that other people will, as soon as it is brought to their attentive consideration, also believe in it and act on that belief—or that, if they oppose it, it is from sinister and interested motives, rather than from sincere disbelief. Unconsciously, no doubt, but quite certainly, this attitude of mind has had much to do with the effort to force the question of prohibition into the arena of politics.

It is perfectly clear to us that work must proceed on the educational line, by bringing men first to a realizing knowledge of the evils of the Rum traffic; and, second, by convincing them that these evils can not be remedied so long as that traffic continues. That is the work that needs doing; that is the line on which every energy should be spent.

Probably the first word that rises to the lips of a prohibitionist who has read thus far, is: "But an educational campaign will take so much time! And all the while men are being ruined, body and soul, through the continuance of the traffic! We must reach prohibition more quickly!" Ah, would that we might, brother! But how can it be reached otherwise? Are we to go on fighting hopeless battles year by year? How long will it take to reach prohibition by that line, good friend?

The Blade knows perfectly well that so long as the saloon exists men will fall its victims. We know that the longer it exists the stronger the Rum Power intrenches itself. Hence, wherever there is a state which has only a minority of Prohibitionists, we are in favor of any measure that will curb the Rum Power, and which regulates the traffic, no matter what it be. We favor high license rather than the untaxed saloon and free whisky. We prefer prohibition to license; but if we can not have prohibition, we are willing to take license until we get strong enough to abolish the saloon entirely.

And to become strong enough, a majority of the voters must be convinced that the saloon is an evil, the cause of poverty, misery, vice and crime, and that these results can not be avoided so long as the cause exists; and that the only way to remove the cause is to prohibit the manufacture and sale of rum. The friends of prohibition must remember that they are in advance of public sentiment on this question. They must labor to bring the majority into the front ranks. Then the time will be ripe to bring on a contest with the hosts of the saloon, for victory will be as assured as defeat is now. The majority rules; and when that majority is heartily in favor of prohibition, it will be easy, not only to adopt amendments and to pass laws in conformity therewith, but to enforce those laws and to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

DICTATOR DEBS.

Eugene V. Debs, who just now bestrides the railway situation like a colossus of Rhodes, has risen with considerable speed to national notoriety. He has found it to his advantage to pursue the methods of the thorough-paced demagogue. He was borne in Terre Haute, Indiana, in 1855, and still lives in that city. His father ran a small grocery, and the son clerked for him during the day, getting a rudimentary education at night-school. He then obtained employment in the paint shops of the Vandalia railroad, from which position he rose to be a fireman on a locomotive running between Terre Haute and Vandalia. Then he joined a lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, where he developed his ambition, and was sent as a delegate to the conventions. In 1884 he was sent to the Indiana legislature by the Democrats, and last year began the organization of the American Railway Union, of which he is the founder.

He is a man of limited education and somewhat narrow views. He has great intensity of purpose, and his leading idea is to constantly foment disaffection and agitation among the working classes, to sweep all the disaffected elements into one organization, and to win his point by brute force, irrespective of the justice or injustice of the cause he represents. It remains to be seen whether this de facto revolutionist can do as he wills or whether he shall be taught the salutary lesson that there are some other people besides himself and his friends in this country, whose rights he must respect.

THE NATION'S BALANCE-SHEET.

The official figures of government revenues and expenditures for the fiscal year which closed on June 30 have been published. This is the first complete fiscal year of the Cleveland administration. Here are the totals of receipts and expenditures for the year:

Receipts—Customs	$132,294,242
Internal revenue	146,945,778
Miscellaneous	17,720,315
Total revenues	$296,960,336
Expenditures—Ordinary	$197,574,688
Pensions	141,177,284
Interest	27,841,405
Total	$366,593,359
Deficiency	$ 69,633,023

To show the shrinkage of revenue due to the Democratic tariff tinkering, we reproduce the totals of the same items for the previous fiscal year, ending June 30, 1893:

Receipts—Customs	$203,355,016
Internal revenue	161,027,623
Miscellaneous	21,436,988
Total revenue	$385,819,628
Expenditures—Ordinary	$196,856,004
Pensions	159,357,557
Interest	27,264,392
Total expenditures	$383,477,954
Surplus	$ 2,341,674

Of the decrease of nearly 89 millions in the receipts, a little over 71 millions is because of the falling off in the item of customs. The expenditures show a diminution of almost 16 millions. But as the pensions item is over 18 millions less, we can see that the Democratic administration has not been particularly economical. The year closes with a deficit of $69,633,023, and an increase in the bonded debt of 50 millions. Verily, the promise of Democratic reform has been more honored in the breach than in the observance.

It is a matter of congratulation that the coal mine operators of Illinois have determined to follow the example of those of Alabama and Pennsylvania, and will employ no more Italians, Bohemians, Huns or Poles in their mines. They have learned the lesson that this ignorant foreign cheap labor element is the dearest in the long run. The test has proved that these people assume that the liberty they enjoy here is simply license, and that they can do as they please, even to the destruction of property and the murder of those who oppose them. They fare better here than they did at home, but they soon become discontented and violent, a perpetual menace to the public peace.

The right to work is as sacred as is the right to quit work.

THAT EXTRAORDINARY LETTER OF DEBS AND SOVEREIGN.

President Debs, of the American Railway Union, and Grand Master Workman Sovereign, of the Knights of Labor, telegraphed a long letter to President Cleveland on Saturday night, which is in the nature of a "kick" because federal troops are being used to restore order. It is a most extraordinary document in some respects. It was of course not expected by either of its signers that the President would be influenced by it. It is of the nature of a campaign speech, intended to enlist the sympathy of the more ignorant, and therefore most easily misled, portion of the American people. It is replete with falsehoods, from its opening assertion to its closing one. We desire at this time to call attention to but two of its leading misstatements. The first is regarding the cause of the present troubles. The letter says:

The Pullman strike was not declared until the employes of the Pullman company were driven to the verge of starvation, their entreaties spurned with contempt and their grievances denied a hearing. No refusal to handle Pullman cars was declared by any railway employe until all propositions looking towards arbitration and conciliation were rejected by the Pullman company.

Let us state clearly the actual causes leading to the Pullman strike—and we are glad to do this, because a former statement in these columns we have since found to be inaccurate in some particulars. Here are the facts, as we have taken pains to verify them:

The Pullman Company has large shops at Pullman, Chicago, devoted to the manufacture of railway and street cars. In consequence of the general collapse of all kinds of business, after the panic last summer, a great number of factories were closed, or if they ran at all, were compelled to reduce the number of their hands and their wages. The Pullman Company's business shared in the general contraction, but they undertook to keep all their 5,000 hands at work if they would accept reduced wages for six months, which they did. At the end of the six months, finding the conditions unchanged, and that they were operating at a considerable loss, the company informed its employes that they were unable to advance their wages, but would still keep them at work at the reduced wages.

The men refused to accept the reduction. They argued that the Pullman Company was making money on its car service, and that it should use these profits to pay the old rate of wages. The company declined to do this, informing the men that they would prefer to close the works entirely rather than run at the large loss which would be involved. The men went out and the company simply closed their works. This was on May 10. Then the American Railway Union was appealed to, and demanded that the company should submit the matter to arbitration, threatening that unless this was done the Pullman cars would be boycotted and all the railroads using them be tied up. The company refused to arbitrate the question whether the roads should run at a loss or not, and the boycott was declared. The result the country has before it.

The Pullman employes were not driven "to the verge of starvation," as is evidenced by the fact that the frugal ones among them had $400,000 in the savings bank at Pullman when the strike began. Nor can any sensible man agree with Debs's position that any one shall be compelled to submit to arbitration the question whether he shall run his shop at a loss or not. Nor, even were all the letter says concerning the Pullman strike true, would it give any excuse for inflicting the enormous aggregate loss on the public that has resulted from this tyrannical boycott.

The second falsehood of this impudent letter to which we wish to call attention is near the close, and is as follows:

There is not an instance on record where in any conflict between the corporations and the people the strong arm of the military power has been employed to protect the working people and the industrial masses from the ravage and persecution of corporate greed. But the measure of character has been in the line of declaring the corporations always good and in the right and the working people always bad and in the wrong.

There is not an instance on record—not one, we repeat—in which the military power was called upon, in which its services were used for any other purpose than the preservation of public order, and the prevention of incendiarism, murder, personal attacks, or the destruction of property. Not one instance in which the military had any other function than this.

Debs and Sovereign should remember that no just cause can be helped by outrage, murder, arson and other crimes. These things are against law and order, and there can be no excuse for them. Had the strikers at Chicago kept within their rights, and scrupulously refrained from infringing on the rights of other persons, not an armed soldier would be found to-day within that city's limits. The law must be obeyed, order must be observed. When troops are called out to enforce these, they are not deciding the quarrel between strikers and their employers; and none know this fact better than Debs and Sovereign.

CLEVELAND AND ALTGELD.

The anarchistic governor of Illinois, Altgeld, received a deserved rebuke from President Cleveland, in response to his second telegraphic remonstrance against the employment of federal troops to suppress the anarchistic uprising in Chicago.

Mr. Cleveland's reply is to the point. He says: "While I am still persuaded that I have neither transcended my authority or duty in the emergency which confronts us, it seems to me that in this hour of danger and public distress discussion may well give way to active effort on the part of all authorities to restore obedience to the law and to protect life and property."

Every patriotic citizen, no matter what his political predilections may be, will applaud the President's answer. It expresses a fact that every one should recognize—that this is no time to quibble about the question of using federal troops, when the authority of both state and nation is openly defied. Put into the slang of the street, the President's reply is, "Shut your mouth, and attend to your duty of restoring order." And that sentiment meets an affirmative echo everywhere and from everybody—except anarchists.

The income tax provision of the tariff bill, as it finally passed the Senate, imposes a yearly tax of 2 per cent on that part of every income which exceeds $4,000. For instance, if a man's yearly income is $4,500, he pays 2 per cent on $500. This provision goes into effect January 1, 1895, and will continue in force until January 1, 1900. Hence its life is limited to five years, if Congress does nit extend it.

PRECEPT VS. PRACTICE.

President Eugene V. Debs, President of the American Railway Union, and the chief mogul of the great "sympathetic" strike, in an interview the other day, laid down a principle to which every right minded man must assent, in the first paragraph of the two from his interview, which we herewith reproduce:

Railroad employes have the unquestioned right to withdraw, individually or in a body, from the service of a company, but they have no right to interfere with others who may be employed to take their places. Their rights end where the company's rights begin, and if the company can secure other employes to successfully operate its road, it has the unquestioned right to do so.

So far as law and order are concerned, court injunctions are not required, since the policy of our board of directors has always been, is and always will be, to restrain members from committing acts of depredation, and those who disregard our instructions should be held individually liable and punished accordingly.

The right of employes, singly or collectively, to quit the serivce of an employer, has never been questioned by any one in this country. A man has the right to remain idle, if he wishes. He has the right to refuse to work if the wages, or other conditions of labor, do not suit him. But there his right ends. If any other man is satisfied to take his place, at the wages or under the conditions, he has likewise a perfect right to do so, and any one who interferes with that right is striking a blow at individual liberty.

We are glad to know that Mr. Debs recognizes these facts, and has the manliness to acknowledge their truth. We lament, however, that he has not employed the autocratic power over the members of the American Railway union which he possesses to compel its recognition. No one denies the right of the members of that organization to quit work—to strike—in sympathy with the Pullman strikers, or for no reason at all, for that matter.

But Mr. Debs's precept and his practice do not agree. The second paragraph of the quotation may be true regarding the "policy" of the heads of that organization, but the acts of the strikers and their sympathizers belie his assertion. Does Mr. Debs mean to say that not a member of the American Railway union was concerned in any of the rioting, incendiarism, and other criminal offenses which have disgraced Chicago since this strike began? We doubt if even Debs has the hardihood to make such a statement. But even were it true—were it a fact that not a single member of the organization took a hand in a single one of these lawless demonstrations, is it not a fact that the persons who did these things are ardent sympathizers with the strike, and committed them to aid it? And that Debs and his order are all accessories before the fact to all these felonies?

There will never be another scene of violence resulting from any strike when the principle which Debs lays down, that no striker has a right to interfere in any way with the right of any other man to take the vacated place. This is a right which must be recognized in this country, unless we propose to drift into anarchy and mob rule.

WHAT'S IN THE NAMES?

No better evidence of the character of the mobs which have inaugurated or attempted to inaugurate a reign of terror in Chicago can be found than in the list of names of the dead and injured. It at once conveys the intelligence that the rioters are not native-born American citizens, and possibly not even naturalized. They are the lowest class of foreigners, to whom law is a despicable thing, and order a pestilence. To steal, to pillage, to rob, and even to slay is with the Kozzminicks, the Sorzepenspksis, and the Gejouskis, not only a God-given right, but a boon which the liberty of this country they feel has been given to them. Where does anarchy and lawlessness reign with greatest power, if not among people with a nomenclature like this? And each new scene of conflict between law and the mob proves it in the list of the dead.

The crimes of this population, of the lowest classes of Huns and Slavs, have reached a most appalling list. There is but one way to stop it. Hedge citizenship in this great republic about with such protection that no man can taste its glories without fully understanding his duty to the country. And again, stop the tide of unassimilable immigration. The time has come for the watchword,

PUT UP THE BARS!

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION

To the older generation, the proclamation of President Cleveland, issued Sunday, recalls a similar proclamation issued by President Lincoln at the beginning of the Great Rebellion in the early summer of 1861. It is of similar purport, and its intent is the same—to warn all loyal citizens against engaging in any overt act of treason or resistance to the laws of the United States. Let us hope, for the sake of the country, that the parallel will not have to be followed further, and that a call for volunteers to maintain national authority against insurrection will not be needed in 1894, as it was in 1861.

The President's proclamation is not a declaration of martial law in Chicago, as has been hastily assumed by many; but it is a preparatory step to that decisive measure. All depends on the development of events in that city. If rioting and incendiarism continue, martial law will be assuredly declared. The old maxim holds good —"inter arma silent leges"—in war the law is silent; the strong arm of military rule must necessarily dominate, for the civil law is paralyzed.

THE TAXPAYERS MUST PAY IT.

The Chicago Herald calls the attention of the people of that city to the fact that Cook county will have to pay every dollar of damages caused by the destruction of railroad property by the mob. The loss will not fall upon the railroads, but the taxpayers will have to reimburse them for all losses they have suffered. This is the law of Illinois and of other states, and the public would have to pay for the loss and damage of property, if occurring through a riot, whether a statute to that purport was in existence or not. The Herald adds:

It is a fact that railroad employes own large amounts of property in all parts of the state. The thrifty and prudent men of that class nearly all own their own homes in part or wholly. They will have to pay taxes for railroad losses in every county where mobs have injured property.

It can be stated as a fact that the United States military authorities have long had in contemplation such duty as is now developing on them by the great strike of railway operatives at Chicago, and in the roads radiating therefrom, and that Fort Sheridan was located where it is with the view that Chicago would be the centre of the conflict. "Our next war will be with the mob" has for years been the basis of the studies in strategics of the chief officers of the regular army.

$500 IN PREMIUMS!

FOR JULY.

To be Given to Friends of the Weekly Blade who Will Assist us to GIVE AWAY 100,000 Three Months' Subscriptions.

Our donation offer of three months' subscriptions for the month of June was a wonderful success. Of the 100,000 offered, nearly one-half have been taken, leaving over 50,000 to be given during July. As the offer is becoming more widespread every day, we look for a greater demand the second month. As heretofore announced, we duplicate for July our most wonderful proposition for June.

Everybody knows the times are hard. Thousands and thousands of families in the country have been absolutely compelled to discontinue or cut down their supply of newspaper reading from lack of funds—many are unable this season to afford a single newspaper—and yet, never has there been a time in the history of our country when a newspaper was more important to the living masses. Every day has brought and will continue to bring forth new situations and events, and who cares in this age to live in the dark?

Just so certain as the times are now discouraging, an era of prosperity is sure to follow. We may be mistaken, but we firmly believe that the Toledo Weekly Blade is the best newspaper published for the masses, and we have an idea that if we can nominally give away 100,000 three months subscriptions now, to those who appreciate a good family newspaper, a large percentage will become our regular patrons uron the return of better times. Hence this bold and remarkable proposition, expensive to us, but which we hope will be appreciated by at least 100,000 new readers.

The Coupon Card.

The offer below of five hundred dollars in premiums to friends of The Blade who will assist us to distribute the 100,000 subscriptions, is open to anybody who receives a COUPON CARD from us. Some weeks ago we mailed coupon cards to all subscribers, agents, postmasters, and others likely to be interested. These cards were made good for July as well as June. Any interested reader who has not received one of these cards, will please write us, and we will forward a card at once. We will also forward sample copies of The Blade on application.

The Premiums.

Last year we gave thirty-three premiums in June, and the same in July, worth $200. This year we offer 320 premiums, worth $1,000. Deducting one-half already awarded for June leaves the following liberal offer for the month of July:

First, To the person sending us during July the largest number of addresses for the Weekly Blade three months, upon terms stated on our coupon card, we will give a first-class Family Sewing Machine worth $45.

Second, The same to person sending us the second largest number during July.

To the third largest during July, a Gents' Gold Hunting Case Watch worth $40.

To fourth largest, an open face Gold Watch worth $30.

To fifth largest, a Ladies' Gold Watch worth $25.

The next ten largest clubs in order, will each get a nickel case Elgin or Waltham Watch, worth $16 each.

The next ten largest clubs in order will each receive a set of Chambers's Encyclopedia.

The next ten largest clubs in order, each a dozen nickel teaspoons.

The next fifty in order, each a Columbian Souvenir Half Dollar—now very rare—worth at least one dollar each.

The next twenty-five, each a copy of the book "Nesby in Exile."

The next twenty-five, each a copy of the "Nasby Letters" in book form.

The next twenty-five, each a paper cover novel.

Above enumerates 160 premiums, worth $500, to be awarded to the largest lists sent us in July. Practically, almost every competitor for premiums will win something. Of course, we expect clubs from thousands; many sending clubs just to favor the friends of their community, without expecting remuneration. We want every person who gets one of our coupon cards, or at least we want one person at every postoffice, to mail us a club of ten or more names on or about July 2. After sending one club, additional clubs will be easier to obtain, as by that time the wonderful cheapness of The Blade will be much talked about, and every family will want to come in. After sending a second club your chances are good for one of our premiums, and those who send above 100 names will be pretty close to one of the high premiums. Remember that the above 160 premiums are awarded, one each, to 160 persons sending the most names to us during the month of July. This plan is all the more interesting because many who earned premiums in June will be just as likely to get another in July, and many who failed to get a premium in June will know better how to make pretty sure for July.

As stated above, we shall practically give away these three months subscriptions. We will make a nominal charge of a trifle for each name (the prices will be stated on the coupon cards), the amount being barely sufficient to cover cost of mailing and premiums awarded for collecting the addresses—leaving us an expense of several thousand dollars for paper, postage and other details as our donation to those out of employment, and for other reasons embarrassed for want of reading matter in all parts of the United States.

Never was there a time so easy as now to take names for a good newspaper under such an arrangement as we offer, as never before were so many families without newspapers. While this offer is especially designed for the needy of every postoffice, it is also open to all. It will be possible under the liberal offer we propose to secure the name of every reading person at every postoffice that does not now take the Blade, whether they take other papers or none. In canvassing for new names, you can assure all that in addition to the regular good features of the Weekly Blade, they will also have the reading of an excellent serial story to begin on July 10, as announced in to-day's Weekly Blade. Also say to them that before their time expires we will make another special announcement for the benefit of these special short time subscribers only, that will make them very glad they joined our ranks.

Instructions and Conditions.

Every person reading this announcement who has not got a coupon card, should write us at once, and one will be quickly mailed you. Also write for specimen copy or copies of the Weekly Blade to show while canvassing. Each card will give the nominal price you are to send us with each name, and also eight coupons. Four coupons, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 for June, and four coupons likewise for July use. It will be expected that you mail us your first club (at least ten names to each club) about July 2. Cut off July coupon No. 1 and enclose with your first club, (no matter how many names). You see these coupons are your authority for sending names at so low a price. Then follow with a second club and July coupon No. 2 as speedily as possible. We desire at least four clubs, using the four coupons, during July, but if more clubs are sent we will accept the additional ones without coupons, as after getting four clubs from you, we shall recognize your right to supplement them. Your last July club should be mailed not later than the 28th day of the month, as we want to make up the award on August 3. Be sure to number the names of your lists from one up to whatever total number of names you send us, so that the number opposite the last name of your last July list will represent the total number of names you have sent. This will enable us to quickly make up the award.

Each club should consist of not less than ten names, and as many more as you choose. We expect many clubs of 50 or 100 at a time, according to size of the community. We want every friend of The Blade to send us at least one club in July, even if you do not compete for the premiums, just to do an act of charity to the needy in your neighborhood. It will also extend our acquaintance just that much, and we will appreciate it also. We shall name the price so low that we cannot allow any deduction for cost of remitting. However, beginning with July 1 the cost of money orders (P. O.) will be greatly reduced, and the cost of remitting will be so small that we feel sure every friend of The Blade will help to the extent of at least one club without remuneration, especially when we assume so great an expense for the benefit of your friends and neighbors. Please remit in current funds. Do not send checks on country banks, nor postage stamps. Remit by money order, express order, New York, Chicago or Toledo exchange, or by registered letter. Be sure to enclose a coupon with each order, in numerical order, as long as they last. Upon reading our coupon card in connection with this article, our plan will appear perfectly plain to you, and you will realize this to be the most remarkable offer to newspaper readers ever made by any publisher. We shall now wait with bated breath to see how many friends The Toledo Blade has in this broad land.

PILING UP THE PUBLIC DEBT.

During the first fiscal year of Harrison's administration, the national debt was diminished by the amount of $104,540,000 largely through the purchase and retirement of bonds, and the annual interest burden was reduced by $4,334,751.

During the first fiscal year of the Cleveland administration, ending June 30, the bonded debt has been increased by $50,000,000, the annual interest burden has been increased by $2,500,000, and a deficit of $76,000,000 created. The obligations of the government have thus been increased by $126,000,000, which the people will have to pay—with the prospect of a considerable addition to the deficit within the next six months.

In order to find the real difference between the two administrations in the conduct of public business, the debt increase under Cleveland must be added to the decrease under Harrison. The figures tell against the present administration to the tune of $230,540,000. A pretty high price to pay for so poor an administration.

The outcome of the Sugar investigation in the Senate is the indictment of two reporters who are not even suspected of any complicity in the rascality under investigation.

KEEPING UP THEIR REPUTATION.

Porter—Boss, I can't smash dis trunk. I'se tried every fing!
Baggage Man—Well, put it under th at jack screw and press it.

COGSWELL SCORES LOCHREN.

Representative Cogswell, of Massachusetts, has shown up the pension-obstructing policy of Commissioner Lochren. Some time ago the widow of an Union soldier, an applicant for a pension, received a letter from the commissioner of pensions, informing her that her claim for a pension was inadmissible on the evidence furnished and that "it had been deemed advisable" to place it in the hands of a special agent for investigation. She was informed that a large number of cases preceded it, but that it would be taken up as soon as reached in regular order. The circular closed with the statement that, on account of inadequate appropriations by Congress for the special examination branch of the pension service, it was not probable that the case would be reached for the next fiscal year.

She sent the letter to Representative Cogswell, who sent a note of inquiry to the Pension office, and received a reply identical with the one received by the claimant, except that the concluding statement in regard to inadequate appropriations by Congress was omitted. He read both letters on the floor of the House, and demanded to know whether the statement of Commissioner Lochren is false, or the appropriation is inadequate. Then he showed that the amount appropriated for the special examination service of the Pension Bureau for the current fiscal year is $400,000—twice what it had been in any previous year when the appropriation was found adequate for all the legitimate demands of that service.

For the next fiscal year Commissioner Lochren asked an appropriation of $500,000, which indicated that the policy of having every pension claim, irrespective of its merits, sent to a special examiner was to be carried out. The House committee on appropriations cut the appropriation down to $200,000, which has always been found sufficient until the present year, and now it appears that the Commissioner of Pensions is engaged in informing claimants that their cases can not be reached until after June 30, 1895. Hence he is simply falsifying in order to keep down the pension appropriations, and obstructing the granting of further pensions in every possible way.

THE POINT OF THE STRIKE.

We can not confess to any degree of friendliness for the Pullman company; and we believe this feeling is shared by that portion of the American people who have had forced upon them the necessity of patronizing the Pullman cars. All have had to pay high for mediocre accommodations, supplemented by some stuffy and unwholesome gaudiness, and then been compelled by courtesy to assist the poorly paid Pullman employes by gratuities. Probably the average American traveller would be glad to see the Pullman company worsted in its trouble with its employes at its Chicago car building shops, irrespective of the right or wrong of the dispute.

But the paralysis of the railroad systems of the West, due to the "boycott" on Pullman cars, must be considered without any reference to the Pullman company. The delays, losses and inconveniences are the result of the application of a false theory. It is an attempt of railway employes to coerce a corporation only remotely connected with railways, manufacturing but one particular form of railway equipment. The roads suffering this obstruction have no financial interest in the Pullman company, nor has that corporation any direct interest in the railways.

If this strike is successful, we might see a repetition to compel a steel rail mill in Pittsburg to increase the wages of its employes; or to compel coal mine operators to yield to a strike, or for almost any similar purpose. The real issue is not the settlement of a strike affecting 1,500 men at the Pullman works, not whether the strike is just or unjust; it is whether the American people are to be made to endure a costly interference in and obstruction of their business, their travelling, and the obtaining of the necessaries of life, merely because a number of men have a quarrel with their employers.

There can be but one just answer to this question; such interference is a violation of the rights of the citizen, guaranteed by the constitution. No such thing can with safety be allowed under a free government. We did not strike off the shackles of monarchy a century and more ago to allow an irresponsible leader to act with greater tyranny than ever did George III. and his ministers.

The time is rapidly coming when such men as Debs and his associates must understand that they are trespassers upon the rights of the people, and that they must obey the laws the same as the rest of us. If there must be a contest to decide the fundamental right of men to conduct their own legitimate business without unlawful interference, the sooner it comes the better for us all.

THE WHITE CITY VANISHES.

The White City is no more. The grand group of magnificent buildings forming the Court of Honor have vanished in flames. The torch of the incendiary is responsible for this, of course. There was no nobler architectural view existing upon the globe than the magnificent coup d'oeil presented by the Court of Honor, no matter what the point of view might be. It is with deep regret that the thousands to whom its memory is as a dream of beauty will hear of its destruction, but it was doomed. The buildings would have been taken down piecemeal, had not they been swept away in a sea of flame, fanned by a fierce southwestern gale. The Magic City has vanished, dream of beauty that it was, melting away like "the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving not a wrack behind."

The President has signed the bill making Labor Day a national holiday. It is the first ever created by act of Congress. It falls on the first Monday in September. Wonder if it will fall this year in the midst of labor troubles, as did the Fourth of July?

PURELY PERSONAL.

The "wheat king" of the world belongs to Argentina. He is an Italian immigrant named Guazzoni, and his broad acres are situated in the south of the province of Buenos Ayres.

General R. A. Colston, who commanded "Stonewall" Jackson's brigade at Cedar Mountain, is now living in Washington in straitened circumstances. The local Confederate Veterans' association has decided to help him.

William C. Carpenter, the oldest practicing lawyer in New York, appeared as counsel in the city court the other day. He is 91 years of age, in vigorous health and sound of mind, and says it is work that keeps him alive.

Daniel Nathaniel Dell, a resident of Truxton, Mo., is said by his neighbors to be in his 116th year, and the records seem to bear them out. He enjoys the distinction of never having taken part in any of our wars, but he claims to have seen General Washington.

Rev. H. S. Jennayan, superintendent of St. Paul's Institute, of Tarsus, Asia Minor, is in New York. This is the missionary school established about seven years ago through the agency of Dr. Howard Crosby, Elliott F. Shepard and others.

Oscar Wilde now dresses, as he imagines, in fin de siecle style. He wears a long sack coat of gray Scotch cloth. It reaches nearly to his knees. his cravat is enormous. His hair is long and parted on the side. His cuffs are many sizes too large for him, and are fastened with links.

Mrs. Maxwell Scott, the present owner of Abbotsford, Scotland, has sent to Messrs. Scribner, the London publishers, the original manuscript of "Anne of Geierstein," which consists of 265 post quarto pages, and is entirely in the handwriting of the distinguished author. It will soon be offered for sale.

There died in Baden, near Vienna, a few days ago, Baron Adolph Duval de Dampierre, the descendant of one of the most famous families of Austria. He died in poverty, having spent the greater part of his life as bookkeeper in a little store. The Dampierre regiment, of Vienna, named after one of his ancestors, has the right for all time to march through Schonbrunn, the home of the emperor, to the strains of music.

King Humbert, of Italy, is never publicly seen on state occasions in other than a military costume. He is described as a genial, good-natured, easy-going gentleman, who desires to live and let live. He looks well when arrayed in grand military costume surrounded by his brilliant staff, and is a figure well worth noticing when, seated in one the tall, steel-clad royal guards, he goes of the gala carriages, accompanied by to open a new session of parliament.

INVENTION AND DISCOVERY.

Porcelain is to be substituted for gold in filling teeth.

An extension ladder for upper berths of sleeping cars has been devised.

Watches were originally made in shapes to imitate pears, gourds, acorns and birds' skulls.

From a grain of sand, barely visible to the naked eye, 1,000 miles of quartz thread may be spun.

French railroad companies are contemplating the substitution of the telephone for the telegraph.

An English curio collector has an old-time watch which is shaped like a cow's horn. At the end of every hour it discharges a tiny pistol.

A London chemist who analyzed a sample of "hair restorer" selling at fifty cents for a two-ounce bottle, found it to contain common water with traces of salt and sage extract.

The Scientific American has figured it out that the energy exerted by a railroad train traveling seventy-five miles an hour is nearly twice that of a 2,000-pound shot fired from a 100-ton Armstrong gun.

A lilliputian electric light has been invented for the benefit of newspaper reporters. It is fastened to the end of a pencil so that the reporter may carry his own light with him and be able to make his notes even in the darkness.

A syndicate of Philadelphia capitalists, announces Bradstreet's, is reported to have bought the American patent rights to the telephone system now in use in France, and will introduce it into the United States.

The hospital car is the newest thing in railroad enterprise. The car is divided into compartments and supplied with cots, stretchers, medicines of all sorts likely to be needed, and the usual appliances of an emergency relief corps. One of these cars is now in service on the New Jersey Central railroad.

A scientific authority states that by saturating a bullet with vaseline its flight may be easily followed with the eye from the time it leaves the muzzle of the rifle until it strikes the target. The course of the bullet is marked by a ring of smoke, caused by the vaseline being ignited on leaving the muzzle of the gun.

A Hungarian chemist, Dr. Johann Antal, recently reported to the Hungarian Society of Physicians that he has discovered a new chemical compound, the nitrate of cobalt, which, he says, is a most efficacious antidote to poisoning by cyanide of potassium or prussic acid. He tried the antidote first on animals, and afterwards on forty living persons who had been accidentally poisoned with prussic acid. In not a single case did the antidote prove a failure.

FACTS ABOUT BOOK MAKING.

The first Bible printed with a date was finished by Faust in 1462.

Typesetting machines were suggested for book-work as early as 1842.

In 1827 books were printed in raised characters for the use of the blind.

The first book printed in America is said to be an almanac at Boston in 1639.

The first book printed from types faced with copper came from the press in 1869.

Chinese printing is certainly as early as A. D. 593, books of that date being now in existence.

The first book to have its leaves numbered was Esop's Fables, printed by Caxton in 1484.

The earliest book in which copper-plate engravings were used as an adornment was issued in 1479.

The first book printed with cast metal types was the "Durandi Rationale." Cast metal types were first manufactured in 1469.

Parchment was in occasional use from the earliest times, came into general use about 200 B. C., and continued until the invention of printing.

The library of Gottingen has a Bible written on palm leaves. There are 1,223 pages, each made of a single leaf.

The books had their leaves printed on one side only, the blank sides being pasted together.

Book sewing machines to do the work of fastening together the sheets of which a book is composed, were introduced in 1852. Before that time all books were sewed by hand. The book-sewing machine reduced the cost about one-half.

ALTGELD'S IMPUDENT PROTEST.

Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, formally protested to the President against the use of federal troops at Chicago, and asked their withdrawal, on the ground that the state authorities are able to cope with the situation. He acknowledges, however, that federal authority is supreme, and does not dispute the right of the United States government to use troops to restore order. But he thinks that local self-government and federal supremacy should go hand in hand,

THE FOUNDATIONS OF FINANCE.

Ninth Paper.

Some Discussion of Credit.

From what has been stated in this series, it should be now clear that banks are not so much institutions for the handling of money as for the proper use of credit in mercantile transactions—this being the ultimate result of the excrcise of the functions of deposit and discount. We do not here refer to the use of credit in its function of issue, if it be a bank of issue. This credit is represented by "bank paper"—that is, checks and drafts. We have seen that, through the operations of the clearing-house, business transactions aggregating millions are settled without the use of actual money. And the beauty of the mechanism of banking for the utilization of credit, is that when trade is active credit is utilized to its full extent, while when trade is dull it is not.

We now wish to ask the reader the question, whether it would not be far better for the country, and conduce to the stability of all financial operations, if credit were never employed by banks in any other way than through the operations dependent upon deposit and discount?

When a bank issues notes to circulate as money, it employs credit. But we have already seen, in a previous paper, that the very time when money is most needed is the time when its notes are the most liable to be presented for redemption. This cripples the bank at a critical time in the employment of credit in its other operations—that is, in the proper use of discount and of "bank paper."

Hence we advance the proposition that credit should never be used except as the basis for legitimate banking operations, excluding the function of issue.

Furthermore that the government should never issue notes intended to circulate as money; but where it requires funds beyond those provided by its regular revenues, it should do as the private citizen does—borrow money and pay proper interest thereon; in other words, issue bonds.

We are well aware that there is a large class of the American people who regard such a proposition as wrong; but we are equally certain that they are entirely wrong in their premises and their reasoning. First, let us say that this would not exclude the issue of coin certificates, such as the gold and the silver certificates now current. These are merely representatives of gold or silver coin stored in the Treasury vaults, and held there for their redemption. It is plain that the government does not use its credit in the case of these certificates. They are far more convenient for use than the coin, and merely represent it. The holder knows that he can get the coin when he wants it; hence depreciation of these notes is impossible, nor can there be any of the evils attending their use that are inevitable, at some time or other, from the use of credit paper, which is a promise to pay.

Probably the first thought that crosses the mind of the average reader is, that there would not be enough money to transact the country's business. All the money there would be, would of course be real money—gold and silver coin, or certificates representing the actual coin held for their redemption. There could be no inflation, no driving of coin out of the country. Were credit not used for the purpose of making currency, it would all be utilized in banking operations, which could thus be largely extended. We have seen that the system of "bank paper" is the outgrowth of business needs; that it affords a medium of exchange for transactions which expands as business expands, and contracts as business becomes less in volume—a thing which no system of currency can do. Panics would be largely shorn of their terrors if the money of the country were entirely divorced from the credit of the country.

We are well aware that this system could not be adopted at present in the United States. We must get rid of a vast volume of the nation's debt before we could be in a position to start on a proper basis. But we firmly believe that it is the ideal to which we should approximate as nearly as possible.

Everybody admits that our present currency system is defective because of its inflexibility. Just now, we have a greater volume of currency than business needs. Hence there are many millions lying idle, bringing in no interest, while the best class of our money—gold coin—has been drifting away to Europe, seeking employment there. Then, in brisk times, there occur periods when there is not enough money for the immediate demands of trade. If we must use a credit currency for part of our money—and, under present conditions, we must—it should be capable of automatically increasing in volume when more is demanded, and automatically diminishing when it is too great in volume for the demands of trade.

We have never had such a system in operation, though one was planned when the greenbacks were first issued. The first issue was fundable in 5-20 bonds at par. Let us see how this would work. Suppose, for the sake of simplicity of illustration, that all the paper money in the United States, of all kinds, was withdrawn, and an equal volume of greenbacks, fundable in 2 per cent bonds, were substituted. What would happen at the present time, when there are over $100,000,000 of idle money in the New York banks, for which it is impossible to find safe investment?

Any one can answer that question. That hundred millions would at once be turned into bonds by its owners. The volume of the currency would be reduced until all that was left could find investment at over 2 per cent. As soon as trade picked up, and there was a demand for money, the bonds would be given up, and the greenbacks be taken out again; for it is perfectly plain that no owner of money would accept 2 per cent when he could loan it at 3 or 4 or some higher per cent. Here we would have a currency that would be self-regulating in volume, and which could never be inflated. The drawback to the plan is that demagogues would be continually tampering with the law, under the foolish and mistaken idea that the more of this money there was the better it would be for the country—which is one of the most prevalent errors of these latter days.

Still on the Treat.

The queen glanced haughtily about her.

"What, ho," she cried, "where tarrieth my lord?"

"Your highness," answered the chamberlain, bowing low, "his majesty is in the throne room treating with the foreign ambassadors."

The royal consort sneered.

"Treating, forsooth," she said, wearily, "and after all the money it cost him to take the gold cure."

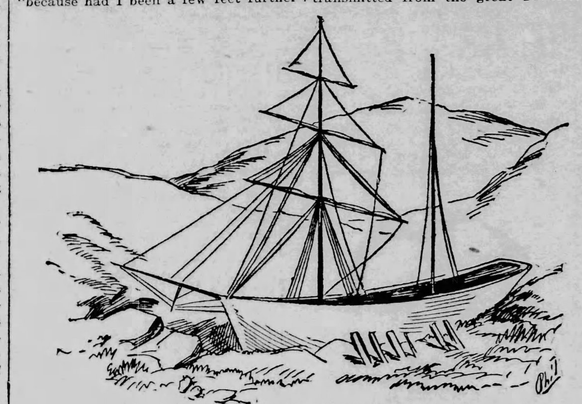
SHIP IN DEATH VALLEY

STRANGE STORY OF A STRANGE BRIG AND HE WHO BUILT HER.

Waiting for the Waters to Rise and They Never Rose—Peculiar Western Tale.

"One of the queerest and most surprising sights I ever saw in all my wanderings over the wilds of this country," said E. C. Traver, a well-known prospector and civil engineer, a few days ago, in the San Francisco Chronicle, "was a newly constructed brig lying on the floor of Death Valley. And it is there yet, so that anybody can see it.

"It was by the merest chance that I ran across the vessel," said Mr. Traver, "because had I been a few feet further



BRIG BUILT IN DEATH VALLEY.

south I would never have seen it. You see I had been working on the eastern side of the valley for several weeks without success and concluded to go to Mount Darwin, where I would at least be sure of expenses. I was crossing the valley at the northern end, which is quite narrow, but about the lowest spot on the earth's surface. I am not exactly certain, but I think that where the vessel is located it is about 200 feet below sea level.

"After the first surprise had worn off I began to figure out how the craft came there. That the vessel was a relic of a past age never entered my head for a moment, because it was constructed on perfectly modern lines and the wood had a yellow appearance, indicating that it had not been cut very long. I am something of a sailor myself, and the first glance told me that it was the work of some modern shipbuilder; but that only made the mystery greater.

"Climbing onto the deck by a small rope ladder, I found everything shipshape. The decks were as clean and white as a man-of-war's, and every rope was in place. Entering the cabin I found everything neat and clean and several bunks with bedding ready to sleep in. Such a thing, however, would have been impossible, as the heat was simply unbearable, and I had to go to the door, gasping for breath, before I had completed my investigation. The more I looked the more interested and mystified I became. It was plain the brig had been built where she was; but by whom, and for what?

"I spent the whole afternoon climbing over the vessel. I went into the rigging and looked over the surrounding country, but could see no sign of a human being. When night came on I concluded to camp nearby, but had no sooner got fixed comfortably when a voice from somewhere called 'Good evening.' You may be sure I jumped, as my nerves were feeling a little weak through my strange afternoon's experience.

"There was no need to be alarmed though, for a good-natured looking man with gray hair and beard was smiling at me.

"He said that his name was Frederick Evans, that he was a shipbuilder by trade and one of the California pioneers of '49. He had never made a big strike, but had always been prospecting, and when the water rose in Salton Lake a few years ago he was at work in the mountains around Death Valley. It was then that he got it into his head that the water would eventually reach that locality, and he was determined to have the first vessel to float in the new sea. Evans was not a poor man, but had enough money to hire a couple of men to help him lay the keel of the vessel, put in the masts and do the other heavy work. At first the work was pushed rapidly, but when the water commenced to recede Evans took things easy and did all the work himself, because he thought the water would not come again for a year. He has been disappointed every year since, but still thinks that Death Valley will become a sea, and he is ready for it.

DON'T QUARREL WITH THE PAST.

Don't pick a quarrel with the Past,
My friend, whate'er you do.
Do not annoy it; let it be,
And it won't trouble you.
But if you plague it long enough,
Sometime you'll stand aghast
To see how 'twill avenge itself.
Don't quarrel with the Past.

Don't pick a quarrel with the Past,
My friend, but go your way;
And if you must a quarrel have,
Come, quarrel with To-day;
To-day is nearer to your size,
The Past, a monster vast,
Invulnerable, and all untamed.
Don't quarrel with the Past.

Don't pick a quarrel with the Past,
My friend, for if you knew,
The Past has other foes enough
To fight, and so have you.
But if you willfully persist,
You'll surely be out-classed,
And all your other foes will laugh.
Don't quarrel with the Past.
—Persis E. Darrow, in Good Housekeeping.

FASHION'S LATEST FADS.

The newest linen shirts are embroidered all over in sprays of white or color.

Sashes of varying widths of ribbon and those of soft silk and chiffon are an especial feature of summer gowns.

Among the numerous accessories of dress are the "Palstaff" and "Cromwell" collars of point de Venise lace.

Very little jewelry is worn with outdoor dress, but the shirt waists and neckties afford an excuse for pretty secrf pins and sleeve buttons.

Black gloves are coming into fashion again, and the latest novelty, which is not at all pretty, has wreaths of tiny flowers embroidered on the back.

When duck gowns are made by the dressmakers and trimmed with embroidered mull, they assume an air of elegance quite foreign to the tailor-made coat and skirt.

A pretty idea for a gray crepon gown is a cape of primrose moire, cut square across the back, elongated in front, and turned down on the shoulders after the fashion of Marie Stuart, and trimmed on the edge with lace.

Dressy parasols of white, blue, and pink silk are trimmed with guipure insertion, and have onyx handles. Still more elegant ones of chiffon and lace have tortoise shell sticks, and another fancy is for black handles tipped with a gold ball.

A Genuine Hero.

A party of young men were telling what they would do were they wrecked far out at sea, and left buffeting the waves without a plank to assist them.

Each one gave his opinion except Paddy Murphy, who, after being asked for his, replied:

"Bedad, ye cowardly set of spalpeens, ye'd all be after savin' yerselves, an' not tryin' to save another. Why, it's Paddy Murphy that would swim ashore an' save himself, and then come back an' thry to save another!"

Planning a Big Birthday Blow-Out.

So far a sum of eighteen million taels, or nearly three million pounds sterling, has been subscribed by the Chinese officials, and withdrawn from other funds, for the purpose of celebrating the sixtieth birthday of the Empress Dowager. But even this enormous sum is not sufficient, and twelve millions more are called for to make the celebration upon what the imperial advisers deem an appropriate scale.
—From the London Standard.

Sociological Discussion.

"I notice," said the first postoffice loafer, "that as soon as a man gets to be about 30 years old it takes a good deal of his time to explain to his friends why he ain't married."

"Yes," said the other one, "that's so—in case he's single. But in case he ain't he's puttin' in the time tryin' to explain to hisself why he did marry."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Case in Point.

Mrs. Watts—"This talk of husbands having to foot the bills for presents they get from their wives is the sheerest nonsense going."

Mr. Watts—"How about it when she presents him with twins?"

Japanese Gardens.

Japanese gardens are the most fairy-like of places.—Horticulturist.

KAISER WILLIAM AS A COMPOSER.

Has Just Written a Song to Words Dealing With a Norse Subject.

Of royal musicians there has never been a plethora. For all that, many a crowned head has sought relief from the cares of state by courting the Muse, and a list of contemporary princes who have manifested a certain amount of ability as composers would cut quite a respectable figure, while blue blooded instrumentalists are by no means scarce—even the Prince of Wales is accused of having a fondness for "picking" the banjo, while his brother, Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, is renowned for his modest skill upon the violin.

Particularly among the members of the Hohenzollern family has that talent manifested itself. I suppose it has been transmitted from the great Frederick, whose compositions, found several years ago in a long disused room of the Potsdam palace and recently published by a German firm with remarks by Philip Spitta, give irrefutable evidence that this royal writer possessed, not only decided creative musical faculties, but also that he must have attained to more than ordinary proficiency upon the melancholy flute," seeing that his works for that instrument were written for his own performance, of which, Voltaire assures us, he had a by no means small opinion.

It was not, however, generally known that the present Emperor of Germany had inherited any of this creative genius, though it has long been known that his fondness for music amounted to a veritable passion, and that he took an active interest in operatic matters, exhibiting a critical discernment of a high order and a catholicity of taste that makes him find equal pleasure in the work of Handel and Wagner, and to command an opera from Leoncavallo for the Berlin Theatre Royal, where, at his request, Sullivan's "Ivanhoe" will be played during the coming season.

An English tourist recently sent a song written by the young Kaiser to one of the London papers. Truth to tell, this "Sang am Aegir" does not display a vast amount of decided originality. But it made such an impression on the tourist in question that after a couple of hearings he was able "in the evening to pick out the melody on the pianoforte" in his hotel. The "pick" is delicious! It makes you see at once the stolid Britisher corting out with reverential awe—and one finger—the tune written by his sovereign's grandson.

The Kaiser's fondness for mythology, and more particularly Norse mythology, is very marked. It is not many months ago since he likened himself to Himdalr, the Gabriel of the Scandinavian theocracy, who will give the signal with his magic horn upon the last day to summon the gods to war with the descendants of Muspell, and, in imitation of him, the melody in him wells forth in this connection and when, like the immortal Wegg, he drops into music, it is to a poem dealing with Aegir, a sort of Norse Neptune, who can with his

Flaming eye
Control the angry storm.

And, in view of the marked preference exhibited by the Kaiser for the music-dramas of Wagner, he may be tempted by the success of his first work to carry on the work of the Bayreuth master and the traditions of the Hohenzollerns.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere;
Like troubled spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a farther room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little prayer,
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years
And lingers with a dear one there;
And, as I hear the child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me,
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone—
And "now I lay me down to sleep."
Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

MARRIAGE MAXIMS.

Never taunt with a pat mistake.

Never allow a request to be repeated.

Never both be angry at the same time.

Never meet without a loving welcome.

Let self-denial be the daily aim and practice of each.

Never let the sun go down upon any anger or grievance.

Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.

Neglect the whole world besides rather than one another.

Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

Never make a remark at the expense of the other—it is meanness.

Never part for the day without loving words to think of during absence.

Never sigh over what might have been, but make the best of what is.

Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed and always speak lovingly.

The very nearest approach to domestic happiness on earth is in the cultivation on both sides of absolute unselfishness.

Jewels of an Empress.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria possesses a collection of jewels probably surpassed alone by that of the Empress of Russia. Besides the family gems, which are passed on from one empress to the next and are preserved in the imperial treasury, the empress possesses a collection of jewels which have been presented to her by the emperor and by foreign princes, valued at 1,000,00 or 5,000,00 marks. The collection was catalogued and value estimated 25 years ago, an operation which took six days to accomplish. The most beautiful of the ornaments is a neck lace of three rows of pearls, which the empress received from the emperor after the birth of the Crown Prince Rudolph. These were at tha time estimated at 75,00 gulden. Now they are worth 300,000 gulden, as the pearl fisheries in Ceylon and Malabar are steadily declining. The Empress Elizabeth no longer possesses all the jewels she had in 1866. Many of them have been presented to her daughters and friends.
—Jenness Miller Monthly.

Taught Him His Error.

His Mother—Johnny, always remember what I told you. When you see any little boy showing anger, take him aside and make him feel that he is wrong. Did you do so yesterday with naughty Tommy Tubbs?

Johnny—Yes, indeed, I did. I punched him good, too.—Chicago Record.

He Accounted for It.

The process of reasoning in some minds is a curious one.

"When Ninevah has departed and Palmyra is in ruins, when Imperial Rome has fallen and the Pyramids themselves are sinking into decay, it is no wonder," sighed a French humorist, "that my old black coat should be getting seedy at the elbows."

Obeying Instructions.

Merchant—Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith?

Boy—No, sir. He was out, and the office was locked up.

Merchant—Well, why didn't you wait for him, as I told you?

Boy—There was a notice on the door, saying "return at once," so I came back as quickly as I could.—Truth.

High Enough.

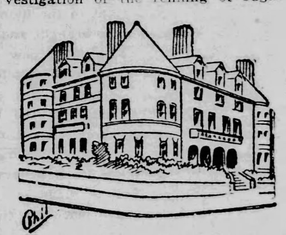
Some people never get higher than a towering rage.—Syracuse Courier.

MODERN SUGAR REFINING

HORRORS OF A SUGAR FACTORY DRYING ROOM.

How the Great Sugar Trust Has Piled Up Its Ill-Gotten Millions of Money.

Before a Senate committee the other day Henry O. Havemeyer testified that the profits of the trust were $15,000,000 yearly, or thereabouts, and that it employed about 25,000 men. The employes earn an average of $600 apiece for the sugar trust each year. Twenty thousand of the 25,000 are probably workingmen. They are paid $1.50 a day for their labor. And their labor sometimes means death. The refineries are located on the dingy water front at Second street, Brooklyn, and anyone not employed there can only gain admission on presenting a permit from one of the Havemeyers. There is reason for this secretiveness. Though 25,000 men are employed in the vast establishment, covering five blocks, with buildings seven and eight stories high, these workers are never heard of in connection with labor troubles. Discipline as strict and complete as that which rules an army governs every one in the huge hive, from the humble night watchman to the high-salaried assistant who helps Mr. Havemeyer in managing the details of the concern. A writer for the New York Press succeeded in obtaining entrance a few days ago, and obtained some details which are of interest. The day squad goes on duty at 5 o'clock in the morning, and work until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Nearly all the men are Germans or Poles, and only a few can speak English. There is rarely to be seen among them a man past middle age. What becomes of these poor fellows when they grow old was a question which puzzled the reporter when he first began his investigation of the refining of sugar



HOME OF H. O. HAVEMEYER.

according to sugar trust methods. The question puzzled him no longer, for men who work in a sugar factory, especially of the sugar trust kind, seldom live to grow old.

No Union Men Employed.

On going to work the men are given checks showing that they were on hand at the proper hour. If they are late the chances are that they will be discharged, unless they have been employed for some time and have been found to be faithful men. In case they are retained they will be "docked" the day's work, or perhaps no more than half a day, just as the superintendent sees fit. Longshoremen who earn $9 or $10 a week at the work of unloading hogsheads of bulk sugar from vessels think they are much more fortunate than the laborers within the refinery. One of the laborers said the superintendent hired him, but refused to say what questions were asked before he was given a job. As no trades union men are hired, it is evident that one of the questions relates to this. It is also certain that the superintendent, who is a German by the name of Goebler, finds out that the employe has not been long in this country and that he is perfectly docile before he is acceptable. If acceptable the rules of the factory are laid down to him, and he is told that he will be paid $1.45 a day for the first year, and then, if he proves satisfactory, he may receive a raise of 5 or 10 cents a day. When a reporter went to the office and asked for a schedule of wages paid in the refinery, he was told with great directness that he could not have it, and all other requests for information were met with the same spicy negative. The boiling of the sugar requires the aid of workmen of great skill, and these are paid from $100 to $150 per month, only a very few getting the latter figure.

There are a few expert chemists connected with the factory, and they receive very good salaries for applying their knowledge to purifying sugars. A stranger is never allowed to enter their apartments.

After the sugar has been dissolved in hot water it is pumped up to the top story and put into receptacles heated to 210 degrees Fahrenheit, where it is thoroughly boiled. Then it is passed to successive floors until it reaches the drying room.

Drying Room Horrors.

Perhaps you have stuck your hand in the oven of the kitchen range just before the cook was ready to bake bread. If so, imagine yourself thrust into an oven ten times as large, and you have an idea what it means to work in the rooms where the sugar is dried. In some of these rooms the men can stay for only ten minutes at a time without falling down utterly prostrated. No one is ever allowed in these rooms but workingmen. No one else ever has the hardihood to go there when the heat is on. You can notice from the outside that nearly all of the windows are closed, so that no heat will escape. The men do not even have the opportunity to rush into the open air after a ten minutes' battle with the heat, as they can at the iron mills. They wear nothing but shoes and an apron, and at the few windows which are permitted to remain open you see them standing half naked and with their hair and bodies as wet as if they had plunged into the river.

During the summer heat prostrations in the drying-room are so frequent that it is difficult to find enough men to do the work. Last summer the men dropped like dogs, and were carried out by dozens. At that time there was much talk in the newspapers about the brutality with which the men thus prostrated were treated. It was all justified. The dryroom is a hell. Prostrations at all times of the year are almost daily occurrences. As many as 62 men have been laid out in a day. Sometimes a man is killed, but it does not get into the newspapers unless there is some slip in the discipline of the company. Many of the men who are prostrated by the heat die, but there are more to take their places, and the fate of their predecessors is not known to the newcomers. Even when men are killed, and newspaper men learn of it they are not allowed to enter the buildings. One enterprising fellow once got as far as the third story before he was headed off. There is a guard armed with a club for every building and his especial business is to see that no one crosses the threshold and to answer no questions strangers may ask him.

One of the men was observed to run stealthily across the street to a saloon, where he got a pail of beer, hurrying back with it concealed as well as he could in his scanty clothing. The saloon-keeper, on being asked for an explanation of the workman's apparent fear of discovery, imparted the surprising information that Havemeyer was in the saloon business too. In other words, the employes of the sugar refinery buy their beer of the trust, and get about one-third less, according to the story of the men, than they would get if they bought it in big schooners at the neighboring saloons. "If they patronize an outsider they are liable to 'lose their heads,'" said the saloon-keeper. When asked about it the men only shook their heads in the fearful way which showed that the trust has a grip on their tongues as well as their labor. The trust sells them 25 tickets for $1, which are good for 25 drinks, and three drinks are about equal to what they can get in a pail at a saloon for seven cents.

For dinner the men generally had two slices of brown bread and a piece of meat about half as large as a man's hand. Of course nearly every man's dinner was accompanied by a drink of Mr. Havemeyer's beer, except where the beer is bought on the outside. Mr. Havemeyer's bar tender goes about ringing a bell to attract the attention of his customers, who give him their pails with tickets and he fills them and brings them back to the owners. In this way the men lose no time, they do not become fastidious as to the brands of beer they drink and the dividends of the Sugar Trust continue to increase to the infinite satisfaction of the stockholders.

Hard and Brutal.

It is seldom that one does not hear merry laughter when a day's work is done at a factory, and the men gather in little knots to joke and gossip for a few moments before they make their ways homeward to their families and their dinners. An exception may be noted in the case of Havemeyer's employes at the close of a day's work. A few of the men sat down on the long platform in front of the buildings but they did not talk. Their heads were bent and their eyes were fastened upon the ground. One by one, some other employe who was a brother or a friend, would come up to one of the men and the two would walk wearily away together without hardly exchanging a word. And, finally, the last one of the day crew had gone away, over the filthy, ill-smelling pavements and the dingy buildings, which look more like prisons than anything else, were left to approaching darkness and the night crew. On Wednesday evenings when they get their pay hundreds of the workingmen's wives come to the refinery and they take charge of their husbands' earnings, which must suffice to keep their families for the next week. Although the scene, as husbands and wives wait in pairs for their pay, is picturesque, the shadows of tall, black buildings, the sickening atmosphere which surrounds the refinery, the careworn faces of men and women alike, give it a sadness which is unusual on such occasions as payday in this country.

BRIEF NOTES.

Africa's 11,000,000 square miles are crowded by a population of from 150,000,000 to 200,000,000. If the missionaries now in Africa were equally distributed, geographically, each would have a parish as large as the state of Connecticut.

From the single town of Pooree, India, there are sent out every year 2,000 Hindoo missionaries to proclaim the worship of a single Hindoo god. When will all Christendom exhibit the counterpart of such zeal?

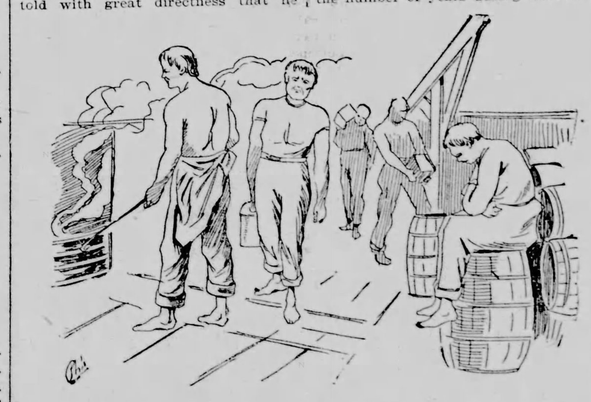
Commander Ballington Booth and a number of Salvation Army officials sailed last week for England, to take part in Gen. Booth's golden jubilee.

The attempt to carry on services for the Brooklyn Tabernacle congregation in Columbia theater has proved a failure, and they will not be reopened until Dr. Talmage's return in the fall.

THE WORLD'S SENIOR SOVEREIGN

Queen Victoria Now Entitled to That Rank.

Having ascended the throne in 1837, she is now the senior sovereign of the world, says a writer in the New York Tribune. The late Dom Pedro had in the number of years during which he reigned the seniority of Victoria. But a revolution hurled him from the throne, whereas good English, particularly among the dissenters, hope the queen may live to a hundred, if only to keep out the Prince of Wales. Queen Isabella came to the throne six years sooner than Victoria, but she did not know how to keep on it, and her life has been a tissue of scandals, and never more so than at present. The Queen of England's good fortune has been strangely apparent in the matrimonial events which lately took place at Coburg, and in the other marriages that will soon bind her family in closer links with that of the czar, who holds her in veneration for her uniform uprightness and her rule, which has long been a second nature, to subject her actions to the sway of duty, and of what she deems good feeling. Louis XIV truly said that there was no office that so much stood in need of the light of long and wide experience as the kingly office. Queen Victoria certainly has had that advantage, and it has been a source of progress and prosperity to the British peoples. The continuous course of her reign in the direction of progress has been also a great economy of public power.



WHERE MEN WORK IN A TEMPERATURE HIGHER THAN THAT IN A KITCHEN RANGE OVEN.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

White spots upon tarnished furniture will disappear if a hot plate be held over them.

You can take out spots from wash goods by rubbing them with the yolk of eggs before washing.

The hair may be kept from falling out after illness by a frequent application of sage tea to the scalp.

When the finger nails are dry and break easily, vaseline rubbed on after the hands are washed will do a world of good.

Rubber gloves are a great saving of time and labor over the hands, as they keep them free from any grease and dirt likely to be absorbed when doing housework.

At The Poultry Show.

Father: Do you know what kind of chickens those are, Willy?

Willy (without hesitation): Yes; they're dude chickens.

Father (in surprise): Dude chickens?

Willy: Yes; don't you see how they've got their hair cut?—Puck.

A Hard Season.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the hanging basket of the mercury in the thermometer. "Got a chill?"

"No," was the reply. "I'm just trying to go up and down fast enough to keep track of the changes in temperature."—Washington Star.

—It is important to keep the liver and kidneys in good condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for invigorating these organs.

Or Hand Organs.

"Curse my luck!" he cried, tearing his hair. "Everything goes wrong with me! Mankind in its entirety persecutes me! But I'll have revenge! Ha! Ha! I'll go into the piano business and sell them to everybody at cost price!"—Pflegende Blaetter.

ROMANCE AND WAR

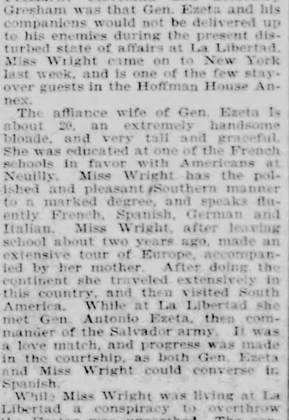
AN AMERICAN GIRL'S LOVE IN SAN SALVADOR.

She Is the Heroine of a Tale of Conspiracy, Plot and Counterplot—Kingdom Won and Lost.

All the world is pretty well acquainted by this time with the methods of war and revolution that prevail in our sister republics of South and Central America. Down among the fiery Southerners revolutions are of an almost weekly occurrence, and wholesale executions of ex-rulers happen as often as the successful leaders can lay hands on the unsuccessful ones. To fail to dispose of the enemy who is caught conspiring against the powers that be, means political and personal suicide in nine cases out of ten, and the Ezetas of San Salvador appear to have been no exception to this rule.

The Ezetas came into power four years ago, when General Carlos and his brother, Antonio Ezeta, were successful in overthrowing the government of General Menandez, whose arbitrary and autocratic ways had reduced Salvador to a sad condition of ferment and excitement. The new president, Carlos Ezeta, and his brother as vice president, bent all their energies to improving the condition of the republic, but fate had destined that they should fall like their predecessors, says a writer in the New York Press.

Conspirators set to work about a year ago. The Ezetas were merciful to the men whom they discovered conspiring against them. This, it appears, was due in part to their great



IDA DENT WRIGHT.

confidence in the control they believed they had over the army. On two different occasions during the past 12 months they pardoned conspirators, but now they are sorry for it, for both rulers are fugitives from their country, and one of them, General Antonio Ezeta, who was commander in chief of the Salvador army, is in danger of execution. He is now on board the United States man-o-war Bennington, and his enemies in Salvador are clamoring for his head.

Commander Thomas, of the Bennington, has notified this government that at moment General Ezeta and his companions were landed in Salvador they would be murdered, without even the formality of a trial. Knowing this fact, a brave and beautiful young American woman the affianced wife of General Antonio Ezeta, has been making herculean efforts to get the State Department to promise not to land the fugitives, and thus deliver them into the hands of their would-be murderers.

Every one was naturally interested when the marriage of Miss Ida Dent Wright of an old Georgia family, and Gen. Antonio Ezeta, vice-president of San Salvador, was announced a few months ago to take place in October. When the revolution broke out in Salvador, Miss Wright was about to sail for Europe, in company with her mother, Mrs. Robinson Wright, a society leader of Atlanta. They intended purchasing a very extensive and elaborate trousseau, and were to return in September, and the wedding was to take place in this city a few weeks later. As soon as it was announced that the revolutionists were successful in Salvador and Gen. Antonio Azeta was aboard the Bennington and in danger of being delivered up to his enemies, Miss Wright hastened to Washington to intercede for him.

Miss Wright explained to the administration that it meant sure death to her affianced if he were not granted the right of asylum and permitted to go to Mexico or Panama. She is thoroughly familiar with the affairs of San Salvador and its people, having spent some months there. The only assurance Miss Wright could get from President Cleveland and Secretary Gresham was that Gen. Ezeta and his companions would not be delivered up to his enemies during the present disturbed state of affairs at La Libertad. Miss Wright came on to New York last week, and is one of the few stay-over guests in the Hoffman House Annex.

The affiance wife of Gen. Ezeta is about 26, an extremely handsome blonde, and very tall and graceful. She was educated at one of the French schools in favor with Americans at Neuilly. Miss Wright has the polished and pleasant Southern manner to a marked degree, and speaks fluently French, Spanish, German and Italian. Miss Wright, after leaving school about two years ago, made an extensive tour of Europe, accompanied by her mother. After doing the continent she traveled extensively in this country, and then visited South America. While at La Libertad she met Gen. Antonio Ezeta, then commander of the Salvador army. It was a love match, and progress was made in the courtship, as both Gen. Ezeta and Miss Wright could converse in Spanish.

While Miss Wright was living at La Libertad a conspiracy to overthrow the Ezetas was unearthed. The conspirators were captured, one of them being Gen. Rafael Gutierrez, a resident of Santa Anna, and prominent as one of General Antonio Ezeta's chiefs of staff in the army. Gen. Gutierrez, according to the story in circulation among Miss Wright's friends, was sentenced to die along with a score or more of the conspirators. The execution date was set, and it happened that on that very morning Miss Wright accepted Gen. Antonio Ezeta for her affianced husband. Miss Wright learned of the fact that a score of men were to die on the day of her betrothal, and she at once sought out her affianced.

"Antonio," she is reported to have said, "I wish to ask a favor."

"It is already granted," replied Gen. Ezeta.

"I wish you to pardon these men sentenced to die."

And it was done.

To-day Gen. Gutierrez is at the head of the Republic of Salvador, having assumed the Presidency for how long it is not safe to predict. Among the conspirators pardoned were several who it now turns out were agents of Guatemala. The Ezetas desired to see all five of the republics—Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica—under one government, and President Carlos Ezeta of Salvador wanted to be at the head of that government. Guatemala at once tried to drive the Ezetas out, but was soundly whipped in several battles, and at last combined forces with the revolutionists in Salvador. Had the Guatemalans and Gen. Gutierrez been tried and disposed of in time the Ezetas may have lived to see their idea of a grand republic of Central America.

Miss Wright, it is reported, will go to Gray Gables to get Mrs Cleveland to aid her in securing her affianced husband's safe delivery to Panama or Mexico.

There is still a chance of Gen. Ezeta being saved and the marriage of Miss Wright taking place. Undoubtedly the State department at Washington will soon receive expected news that Gen. Ezeta has mysteriously departed from the Bennington in La Libertad harbor. This would relieve the State department and make Miss Ida Dent Wright a very, very happy young woman.

ALONE.

I miss you, my darling, my darling,
The embers burn low on the hearth;
And still is the air of the household,
And hushed is the voice of its mirth;
The rain splashes fast on the terrace,
The winds past the lattices moan,
The midnight chimes out from the steeples
And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling,
I'm tired with care and with fret;
I would nestle in silence beside you,
And but your presence forget.
In the hush of the happiness given,
To those who through trusting have grown
To the fullness of love in contentment;
But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling,
My voice echoes back on the heart;
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
And lo! they fall empty apart;
I whisper the sweet words you taught me,
The words that we only have known,
Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter;
For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling,
With its yearning my very heart aches;
The load that divides us weighs harder
I shrink from the jar that it makes;
Old sorrows rise up and beset me,
Old doubts make my spirit their own;
O, come through the darkness and save me,
For I am alone.
—Robert J. Burdette.

NOTABLE STORMS AND DROUGHTS.

January 13, 1880, quicksilver froze hard at Moscow.

In 1775 hailstones said to weigh twenty ounces fell at Murcia, in Spain.

At Bombay 24 inches of rain have fallen in a day; at Genoa, 30; at Gibraltar, 35.

In the year 310 hardly a drop of rain fell in England, and 40,000 people died of famine.

In 1065 there was a frost in England July 1 that destroyed nearly all the vegetation.

The seven years of drought and famine in Egypt recorded in Genesis began in the year B. C. 1708.

In 761 the cold at Constantinople was so severe that the Black sea was frozen for 50 miles from shore.

The heaviest rain ever recorded in Great Britain was in Argyle, December 7, 1883—seven inches in 24 hours.

In 1656 a hail storm at Norwich, England, wrecked houses and killed many animals that could not reach shelter.

In 1544 the winter was so severe in Europe that in Flanders wine was frozen and was cut in blocks and sold by weight.

The wettest place in the world is Cherrapungi, in Assam, where the average rainfall for fifteen years has been 493 inches. In 1861 it was 905.

In 954 a drought began in Europe, lasting four years. The summers were intensely hot, and the famine prevailed everywhere. 2,000,000 died of hunger.

In 1402 the cold was so severe in Russia that the Baltic sea was frozen over. In 1460 this occurred again, and horsemen rode from Denmark to Sweden.

One of the heaviest snowfalls known in this country was February 19 to 24, 1717, when the snow remained five to seven feet deep all over New England.

In 1771 an unprecendented drought prevailed throughout India. Scarcely any rain fell for a year, and hundreds of thousands died of famine, whole districts being depopulated.

In 1837 drought and intensely hot weather prevailed in Northwest India. Over 800,000 persons perished from famine. (Similar destruction was wrought by the same causes in 1865 and 1868, over 2,000,000 persons perishing of hunger in the two years.

THE BICYCLE AND THE BULL.

The Former Got Badly Rumpled and the Latter Broke His Neck.

A recent occurrence in the neighborhood of West Chester, Pa., adds two items to our stock of information says the Washington Post. The first item is that a bull can be infuriated by something besides a red rag, and the second is that a thoroughly infuriated bull can overtake the average bicycle. All of which is important. It seems that John Harsey, of Baltimore, accompanied by two friends, was making a tour of the country on his bicycle. The party had evidently made encouraging progress, since they had got as far as West Chester, which must be nearly ninety miles from Baltimore. Furthermore, they had done it without any hostile demonstration on the part of the inhabitants. Nobody seems to have shot at them or even thrown stones or bad language at them. The heavy phlegmatic temperament of the Pennsylvania Dutch had borne the invasion with equanimity, and the invaders had every reason to suppose that they would reach Philadelphia without provoking any great popular outburst of resentment.

While passing along a road in East Goshen township, however, the bicyclers attracted the attention of a bull. The bull apparently was not phlegmatic. He seems, on the contrary, to have been a hot-headed and impulsive bull, and the sight of the three Baltimore gentlemen on wheels goaded him to fury. Probably they said something offensive to him. Probably they had red faces or displayed sanguine temperaments, or laughed ironically as they went by. That is as may be. But the bull pawed one paw, bellowed one bellow, and took after them. It is more than likely that John Harsey thought it rather a joke to be pursued by a lumbering brute like a bull, and told himself that he would astonish that besotted animal before he got through with him. The average bicycler is a haughty person, and his pitying scorn of things that go on legs is as profound as it is genuine. Mr. Harsey had not gone very far, however, before he realized that the bull just astern of him was a quadruped of great activity and bottom. In fact, to make a long story short, the bull caught Mr. Harsey, tore his bicycle all to pieces, tossed the gentleman himself about with great enthusiasm and finally, in an effort to erase Mr. Harsey entirely from the equation, fell down and broke his own neck. Mr. Harsey was collected by his friends and carried piecemeal to the hospital. The bull was, we suppose, turned over to the butcher, and so the incident closed.

THE DOG ON GUARD.

A Canine Member of the Postoffice Department.

One of the postoffice officials of Boston is the owner of a bulldog that he would not part with under any circumstances. This dog considers it his special duty to ride to and from the depot and postoffice on the mail wagon and keep guard of the mail sacks, says the Globe. He has followed this custom for a number of years.

One night after the unloading of the mail car, he started to ride, as usual, on the bags on the wagon, but when the postoffice was reached he was not on board. This was strange, for heretofore no temptation had ever been strong enough to lure him from his post. The sacks were delivered, and as the man called them over one was found to be missing. The wagon driver hurried back to look along the streets.

After searching over a good part of the route, he suddenly discovered the dog sitting in the gutter wagging his tail, and evidently overjoyed at being recognized. On going up to him the driver found the dog sitting on the lost mail sack. He had evidently noticed it when it fell from the wagon, and had immediately jumped off and stood guard over it.

A Most Cruel Revenge.

She spurned his suit.

"Never," she insisted.

Nor yet did hope flee his breast.

"Can you not," he asked, hu

THE RAIN-SONG OF THE ROBIN.

Oh, the rain-song of the robin! How it thrills my heart to hear
The rain-song of the robin in the summer of the year!
How I long for wings to join him where his carol poureth free,
And for words to beg the secret of his magic minstrelsy!

Does he sing because he revels in the fury of the storm?
In the thunder and the lightning does he find a hidden charm?
Or with prophet eye, enraptured, does he see the darkness past,
And the beauty which shall blossom when the clouds disperse at last?

When Thy rain on me descendeth, and Thy clouds about me roll,
Grant, O God, the power of singing to my tempest-shaken soul!
May I see Thy mercy shining far behind the outer gloom!
May I hear Thine angels chanting! May I see Thy lilies bloom!

—Kate Upson Clark, in Harper's Bazar.

HOME TALKS.

SOPHONISBA'S STRIKE AND WHAT LED TO THE STEP.

Mr. Debs Had Nothing Whatever to Do With It—A Question for a Mental Philosopher.

Sophonisba has struck!

Right here I desire to say that President Debs had nothing whatever to do with her going out. She went upon her own responsibility and because her patience, long-suffering as it is, finally gave out entirely, with this result. She announced to the world—our world—that she was departing for a summer outing, but underneath the calm composure of her outward mien, I know that the sense of the wrongs perpetrated upon her was seething within, and that in reality her action was a strike, pure and simple, against—well, against the "irregularities" in the kitchen department, and the drudgery of housekeeping generally as now carried on. Perhaps she would not have taken so decided a step had it not been that the whole atmosphere is full of strikes which affects everybody who has a grievance, or thinks he has whether there is any reality in it or not. Not that I blame Sophonisba. No, indeed, even though the family is now reduced to two meals a day under the home roof and a third get-what-you-can-at-a-restaurant. I feel sure that she was made desperate by the tragic story of a friend, through whose kitchen maids had swept like wind-blown leaves for many weary weeks until in their passing they had reached a number which it required two figures to express, and the process was still going on. Then and there Sophonisba bade adieu to hope. Looking down the vista of years, she saw herself struggling on with ignorance or impudence as the case might be, and the prospect was simply appalling. What comfort could there be in life under such circumstances? And so she struck, entirely without the knowledge of Mr. Debs, who might have ordered her to stay in, had he been aware that an American citizen was acting without his orders. I use the words "American citizen" advisedly because Sophonisba, like the rest of Ohio women, can vote now upon the school questions, and that makes her somebody worth considering.

To proceed. Perhaps some of you may remember that I announced some time ago that Sophonisba had decided to go out of the home-missionary business. It is much easier often to make up one's mind to do a thing than to do it, and so it was in this case. Immediately after her arrival at this decision, a new aspirant for the culinary honors in our household arrived and took possession. She was a little German girl about as large as one of Palmer Cox's Brownies, but full of ambition and energy. Indeed, so full of energy was she, that it seemed for a time as if we should be obliged to spend the bulk of our income in helping the crockery merchants keep up their business. Sophonisba has a way of dealing with that sort of thing, however, which usually brings a lull in the dish-smashing process, and we are saved the necessity of putting a mortgage upon our house for the present.

Strange to say, the young woman did not profess to be a rival of Miss Parloa, Mrs. Rorer, or Mrs. Lincoln in the cooking line. In fact, she remarked that she had never cooked much, "but," she added, with a sudden brightening up as if making a charming discovery: "I can learn!" I think her cheerful assumption of this possibility won upon Sophonisba's heart, for in spite of my feeble reminder that this was, in my judgment, resuming the missionary business, Gretchen stayed, is with us still, and so far as I can see, will remain into the far future.

How then did Sophonisba come to strike? That is what I want to tell you, for in the recital lies a question for the mental philosopher to answer. Gretchen has some peculiarities. With the most invincible good nature, with the greatest anxiety to please, with a strong desire to become a good cook, one would imagine that here was a brilliant possibility for domestic comfort and happiness. Now comes in the trouble. After a course of careful training in some one direction with apparently the best results, Sophonisba will rest content with a consciousness of so much good accomplished. Suddenly and without warning, a knot seems to be tied in Gretchen's brain, and the most unexpected things happen. Sometimes they are simply ludicrous; again vexatious; again serious, and sometimes they are a combination of all three. One that was both ludicrous and vexatious, was the following, which the housekeeper will appreciate:

We had gathered together a number of our friends toward the evening hour of a summer's day, to meet others who had come to us from a distance. In the supper menu was biscuit, and Gretchen, being supposably efficient in that direction, Sophonisba had placed that responsibility in her hands, only instructing her as to the quantity to be prepared. Her "biscuit sky," so to speak, was untroubled, and she thereafter concerned herself about other things.

Well, those biscuits were supremely good. I defy anybody to find fault with them, but—ye gods and little fishes—what a sequel is there to be added to this little story! After our friends had departed, Sophonisba, like the thrifty housewife that she is, went into the pantry to look around, and I followed her. "I hops you have some of those nice biscuit left," I observed, "I should like them to-morrow."

"Oh, yes," she replied; "I have no doubt but there are some. I will see."

And she saw!

Whatever may be Sophonisba's faults, she never swears or uses any bad language, but when she discovered pans and jars, crocks and boiler full to overflowing with biscuits; when she realized that their number were far beyond counting; that even with the best of appetites the dawning of the next century would find the family still eating upon those biscuits, she turned her face away and a sulphurous silence prevailed! After one comprehensive look, I discreetly

"Folded my tent like the Arabs
And silently stole away"

leaving Sophonisba alone with her—sorrow! It is unnecessary to add that I had the desired biscuit the next day—and the next!

Now this was not intentional disobedience. Had it been, a remedy could be applied. Gretchen was hilarious over the success of her efforts, so happy in fact that the episode was allowed to pass with small comment. "It will do no kind of good to scold her," quoth Sophonisba, later on, when she had regained her accustomed equilibrium; "she is so gay even in the face of all this extra work to be done that I shall let it go now, but make it a lesson in the future."

I want to add that, curiously enough, since that season of biscuit galore, Gretchen has completely lost the skill then so brilliantly and so "fully" displayed.

These lapses, of which the above is a single specimen, come, as I before remarked, with a sudden unexpectedness that sometimes quite takes the breath away. It is as if her brain were knitting when, without warning, a stitch is dropped, and it works too slow to pick it up. Now here is where I should like the mental philosopher to help me out. What is that gray matter doing when the stitches drop, and where is the remedy?

I was just reading a story in the current Scribner about the man who had no memory for thirty years, and then a surgeon relieved a brain pressure by removing a misplaced bone, and the faculty came back to him as good as ever. It set me to wondering whether some of these domestic perplexities could not be relieved by trepanning. Who can tell? Our Gretchen is by no means singular in her stitch dropping, and many cases are far worse than hers, because it seems to be done through utter carelessness as to consequences.

Meanwhile there has been so much of it of late in our household that Sophonisba, as I said before, discouraged, has gone out on a strike. At the present moment the question agitating my mind is, whether or not I shall follow her example.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

Another View of the "Duty to Our Neighbor" Question.

My housekeeping friend is doing penance. It seems she had a certain amount of work to do one day last week, that she felt absolutely must be finished, and how to do it, with the interruptions that were sure to occur was a question she solved in this way.

She was alone in the house, and she decided not to answer the door-bell if it rang a dozen times; this would cut off a great source of interruption, and she convinced herself that, under the circumstances, she would be justified in the course.

So she locked the lower part of the house and betook herself to an upstairs room, where she set to work in good earnest.

Half an hour passed, then the bell rang; she closed her ears to the sound, and worked on; the ring was repeated a couple of times, then all was still. Half an hour later, came another summons, treated like the first, and in the course of the afternoon the process was repeated six times.

At 5 o'clock my friend having finished her work, went down stairs, and found half-a-dozen cards slipped under the front door; remorse began to prey upon her mind as she picked them up.

The first named, a very old lady, a dear friend of her mother's, who had come clear across the city that warm afternoon to see her.

The second, a friend from out of town, who had written on the back of the card that, having a couple of hours to wait over for a train she had planned to spend the time with her, and was so sorry to find her away from home!

The third represented a musical friend who had come for an hour's practice on some new duets. My friend actually groaned at that, for music is her especial hobby!

The fourth and fifth were two sisters, members of her Sunday school class, gay, pretty young girls, with no mother to advise and help them. She had particularly wanted to have a kind quiet "conscience-talk with them, and the golden opportunity had been lost!

The sixth was a little the worst of all! It was the card of a shop-girl whom my friend had become acquainted with in a down-town dry goods store. Missing her one day from her counter, she had inquired about her, and finding that she was sick at the hospital had visited her there several times, and invited her to come to her, for two or three days, when she was convalescent; now she had come and been refused admittance!

Imagine the feelings of my tender-hearted friend! She has been doing her best ever since to make up for that afternoon's work, or "shirk" as she says, and has succeeded in a measure; but she has taken a solemn vow never, under any circumstances, to fail to answer the door-bell hereafter. She says: "I know it is annoying to be interrupted at one's work, but after all, I believe it is better to put up with the annoyance, even if the work has to be done in our coveted "leisure hour," than to run the risk of disappointing even one friend who has taken pains to come through the heat and dust to talk with us. That is another interpretation of our "duty to our neighbor," I take it, and I shall try to bear it in mind after this."

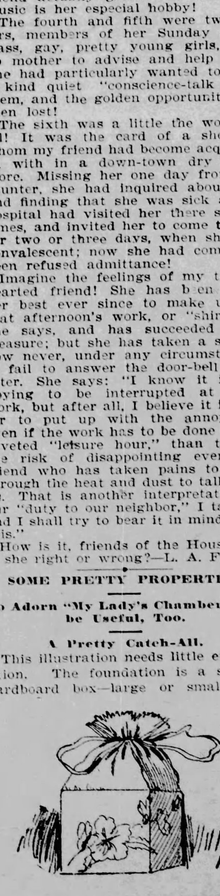
How is it, friends of the Household, is she right or wrong?—L. A. F.

SOME PRETTY PROPERTIES

To Adorn "My Lady's Chamber" and be Useful, Too.

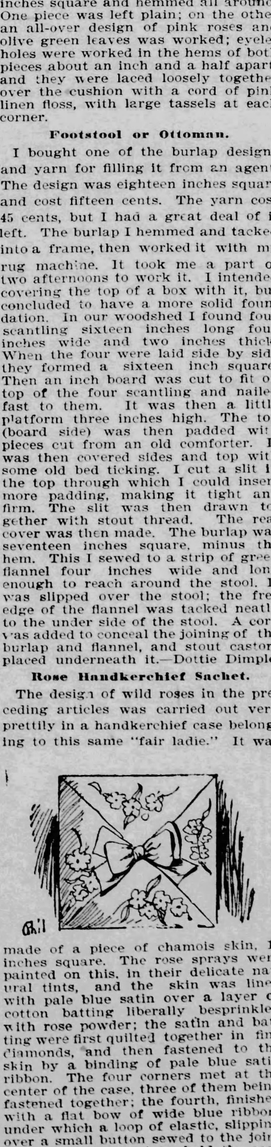
A Pretty Catch-All.

This illustration needs little explanation. The foundation is a square cardboard box—large or small, according to the place in which it is to stand. Cut a piece of plain China silk twice the heighth of the box in width and long enough to pass quite around it, allowing only for a small overhand seam to join the ends of the silk at one corner of the box. If the flower-spray is to be embroidered, do the work before the silk is fitted to the box; if it is to be painted it is to be done after the silk is stretched smoothly in place. The upper edge of the silk is fringed out, and a casing sewed a few inches below the top through which to run a draw-string or ribbon. The box from which this design was copied was covered with pale blue silk, the design embroidered in soft shades of pink and green. The same colors were repeated in the following



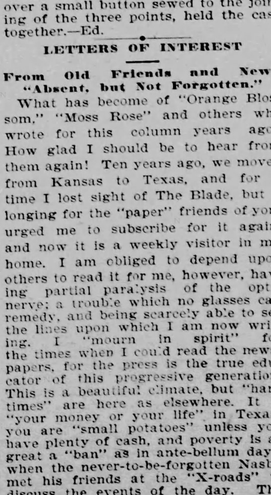
Bannerette Photograph Holder.

This dainty wall decoration was suspended from a bamboo rod by a brass chain. The rose-spray was painted upon it; the ringsoutlining the space for the photograph served to hold it in place, and were covered with crochet silk, in alternate rings of pink and white. A large bow of pink and white ribbon is placed at the upper left hand corner of the bannerette, and another diagonally across from it. The bottom is finished with the pink and white rings, heading a long fringe of the mixed silks.



Rose Sofa Pillow Cover.

The pillow itself was 18 inches square, covered with pale blue sateen and "boxed" with a puff of the same. The cover was made of two pieces of cream linen momie cloth, each 18 inches square and hemmed all around. One piece was left plain; on the other an all-over design of pink roses and olive green leaves was worked; eyelet holes were worked in the hems of both pieces about an inch and a half apart, and they were laced loosely together over the cushion with a cord of pink linen floss, with large tassels at each corner.



Footstool or Ottoman.

I bought one of the burlap designs and yarn for filling it from an agent. The design was eighteen inches square and cost fifteen cents. The yarn cost 45 cents, but I had a great deal of it left. The burlap I hemmed and tacked into a frame, then worked it with my rug machine. It took me a part of two afternoons to work it. I intended covering the top of a box with it, but concluded to have a more solid foundation. In our woodshed I found four scantling sixteen inches long four inches wide and two inches thick. When the four were laid side by side they formed a sixteen inch square. Then an inch board was cut to fit on top of the four scantling and nailed fast to them. It was then a little platform three inches high. The top (board side) was then padded with pieces cut from an old comforter. It was then covered sides and top with some old bed ticking. I cut a slit in the top through which I could insert more padding, making it tight and firm. The slit was then drawn together with stout thread. The real cover was then made. The burlap was seventeen inches square, minus the hem. This I sewed to a strip of green flannel four inches wide and long enough to reach around the stool. It was slipped over the stool; the free edge of the flannel was tacked neatly to the under side of the stool. A cord was added to conceal the joining of the burlap and flannel, and stout castors placed underneath it.—Dottie Dimple.

Rose Handkerchief Sachet.

The design of wild roses in the preceding articles was carried out very prettily in a handkerchief case belonging to this same "fair ladie." It was made of a piece of chamois skin, 15 inches square. The rose sprays were painted on this, in their delicate natural tints, and the skin was lined with pale blue satin over a layer of cotton batting liberally besprinkled with rose powder; the satin and batting were first quilted together in fine diamonds, and then fastened to the skin by a binding of pale blue satin ribbon. The four corners met at the center of the case, three of them being fastened together; the fourth, finished with a flat bow of wide blue ribbon, under which a loop of elastic, slipping over a small button sewed to the joining of the three points, held the case together.—Ed.

LETTERS OF INTEREST

From Old Friends and New—"Absent, but Not Forgotten."

What has become of "Orange Blossom," "Moss Rose" and others who wrote for this column years ago? How glad I should be to hear from them again! Ten years ago, we moved from Kansas to Texas, and for a time I lost sight of The Blade, but a longing for the "paper" friends of yore urged me to subscribe for it again, and now it is a weekly visitor in my home. I am obliged to depend upon others to read it for me, however, having partial paralysis of the optic nerve; a trouble which no glasses can remedy, and being scarcely able to see the lines upon which I am now writing. I "mourn in spirit" for the times when I could read the newspapers, for the press is the true educator of this progressive generation. This is a beautiful climate, but "hard times" are here as elsewhere. It is "your money or your life" in Texas; you are "small potatoes" unless you have plenty of cash, and poverty is as great a "ban" as in ante-bellum days, when the never-to-be-forgotten Nasby met his friends at the "X-roads" to discuss the events of the day. The present state of our country, especially the trouble with the striking miners, is to be deplored. The capitalists who sent for and encouraged this influx of foreign laborers, are the ones who are responsible for it all. So long as Columbia's gates are wide open, admitting indiscriminatingly whatever Europe chooses to send here, anarchy, riots and bloodshed will be the order of the day. It seems there is talk of nominating Clokey for Congress. He is certainly the "boss crank" of the century, but what has he done that such an honor should be even talked of for him? He has made tramps of honest men, and led them a wild-goose chase to Washington, where they are now, far from home and friends, suffering for the common necessities of life, while he, their valiant leader, is sunning himself in the rays of his own vain glory!—A Household Sister.

Says "Mary" to "Black Eyes."

Black Eyes asks in a recent number of The Blade for information in regard to cleaning and tanning sheep pelts and making rugs of them. As many farmers and farmer's wives would like to use the hides of animals if they knew how to tan them. I send the following directions, which have been used in our family for several years, and have always given satisfaction.

Dissolve 1-2 pound alum, 1 pound saltpetre, 5 pounds common salt and 2 ounces corrosive sublimate in two gallons of water. Put it in a large stone jar or small tub, and cover so that no animal can drink it, for the corrosive sublimate is poison.

If there is much flesh on the hides lay them on a board, flesh side up, and rub them with a brick or a dull knife until it is removed. After all the ingredients are dissolved put the skins into the liquid and allow them to remain two or three weeks. Of course large skins require more liquid as they must be covered with it all the time. When they are taken out, rub and work them until they are dry, and they will be soft and pliable.

A calf hide, with long black hair, makes a very handsome laprobe. The hides of cats, rats, squirrels and rabbits are nice for trimming or for making caps, muffs or capes.

Sheepskins make beautiful rugs tanned in this way. As white rugs are so easily soiled most housekeepers prefer to dye them. Dissolve one or more packages of diamond dye for wool by tying loosely in a piece of cheesecloth and soaking in water all night. Then put in a large dishpan and add boiling water. When it has boiled two or three minutes let two persons, standing on opposite sides of the stove, pass the pelt back and forth in the dye with the wool side down. It will be more convenient to hold, if a strong twine string is fastened in each corner of the pelt. Do not allow the dye to cover the skin. When the wool is the desired shade rinse and dry. The center may be cut out of one pelt, and the border of another, and where it is necessary to piece it sew the seams from the back over and over loosely so it will lie flat. The center may be olive green with a border of garnet, or pink may be used for the center with a golden brown border. In fact they may be made of any colors that will harmonize with the room in which they are used. They should then be lined with some heavy material.

Rugs may also be made of other kinds of skins, such as wolf, fox, dog-skins, etc., left their natural color. Very pretty trimmings are made by tanning young lambskins that are curly and dyeing them black or seal brown.

Diamond dyes are the only kind that can be used satisfactorily in this work.—Mary.

OUR "COURT OF INQUIRY."

Answers to All Kinds of Questions Given While You Wait.

"Rob Roy:"—There is a fish called the "Grampus," one species of which is found on the American and European coasts. It is often more than twenty feet in length, its form is spindle-shaped, but rather thicker than that of a porpoise. It has a powerful tail; in a specimen 21 feet long, the tail was seven feet broad. It is said to possess great strength and activity, and to be a great fighter.

"Allen a' Dale:"—The editor thinks you will have no difficulty in finding suitable music for your serenading club; if you write to any reliable music house they will send you catalogues to choose from, free of charge.

"Inquirer:"—"Grass cloth" is a name often given to certain fabrics manufactured in the East from different kind of fibres, none of them grass, however. One of these fabrics is also known as "Pina Muslin," another as "China grass cloth." The kinds of cloth really made from grasses are very coarse and are not beautiful.

A. B. C.:—A hand grenade is a small shell of iron or annealed glass, about three inches in diameter, filled with powder and thrown from the hand. The discharge is effected by means of a small time fuse. They are said to have been first used in 1594.

"Flora:"—The "Guelder Rose" is no more nor less than our "snow ball."

"What's in a name?"

"Cusiositee:"—The editor has heard a jail spoken of as a "jug," and cannot give any reason for the derivation of the term, unless it comes from the word "jougs" or "juggs," the name of a form of pillory used in Scotland as far back as the sixteenth century, but which has been discontinued for the last hundred years. The "juggs" were nothing but an iron collar, fastened by a chain of two or three links to a pillar or wall in some public place, such as the church door, or the market place. The ring opened by a hinge, and was closed about the culprit's neck, and secured with a staple and padlock.

"Poetry Lover:"—The quotation "No words suffice the secret soul to show, For truth denies all eloquence to woe," is from "The Corsair" by Byron. The second quotation is the last line of "Come, Ye Disconsolate," a very beautiful hymn written by Thomas Moore. The last quotation, "The good are better made by ill, As odors crushed are sweeter still," is from "Jacqueline," by S. Rogers.

THE COOK "GOES ABROAD."

She is Invited to Lunch and Reports the "Menu."

Chicken Cream.

To one quart of chicken broth add two tablespoonfuls rice and cook slowly for half an hour. Rub together one tablespoonful of butter, and three tablespoonfuls of flour, add to the broth, stirring continually until smooth and thick. Add one-half teaspoonful grated onion and one pint scalded milk; season and serve.—Elsie T.

Potato Cakes.

One pint sweet milk, two good-sized potatoes pared and grated, one-half teaspoonful salt, two eggs, and enough flour to make a thin batter; beat well and add one tablespoonful melted butter and one teaspoonful baking powder. Put your muffin rings on a greased griddle, pour in the batter until the rings are half-full; bake a moment, remove the rings, turn the cakes and bake slowly until done. Serve hot.—Bessie Alden.

Milk Biscuits.

One quart milk, two tablespoonfuls sifted sugar, one-quarter pound butter, flour to thicken; add to this three tablespoonfuls of home-made yeast. Keep warm until it rises, then knead it and let rise again; make into small biscuits and serve very hot.—Ethel W.

Coffee.

One cupful unground coffee, one egg, one quart of boiling water, three tablespoonfuls cold water. Grind the coffee coarsely and put into the pot which should be well scalded. Beat the egg well and add to it the cold water, stirring this mixture into the dry coffee in the pot, then pour on the boiling water and put the pot on the stove. Stir the coffee until it boils, then set it back where it will "bubble" for 10 minutes, and where it will keep hot but not "bubble" for five minutes longer. Pour through a fine sieve into a hot serving pot and serve at once. This makes very strong coffee, but the quantity of water may of course be varied to suit the taste.—Gretchen.

Caramel Cake.

Two cupfuls sugar, one cupful butter, one cupful milk, three cupfuls flour, whites of five eggs, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Mix all together, adding the eggs last and bake in three well-buttered tins. For the filling take one and one-half cupfuls brown sugar, one cupful milk, one teaspoonful butter, one-half tablespoonful vanilla. Place the sugar, milk and butter on the stove in a dish set in another containing boiling water and cook until thick, remove from the stove and beat until stiff then add the vanilla.—E. E. C.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Are on Hand With Unabated Interest.

It seems we have a "poet in our midst." Miss Prudence made the discovery this very morning and with "deference due" to art gives the young lady the front seat.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:
I was sitting alone to-day, dozing,
When I heard a pleasant sound;
'Twas a fairy voice near me whisp'ring:
"Come, write to the Merry-Go-Round.
You must offer your little posy,
To this beautiful, great boquet.
And I asked: "Will it be accepted?"
Said the fairy, "I cannot say!"

But here I come seeking admittance,
And hope you won't turn me away,
I've long wanted to enter your circle,
But the courage I've lacked till to-day.
I'm a girl of sixteen, and this summer,
Have little to do, so oft-times
I take up my pencil and paper,
And sit down and scribble some rhymes.
But now I must close, for my letter
Is too lengthy by far, I admit,
And so lest it reach the "waste basket"
Instead of your column, "I'll quit."

—Hazel Thornton.

"Ara" seems to be one of those young women who take things literally. Miss Prudence assures her that just as likely as not "Humphrey Krash" was speaking sarcastically when he said that "Shakespeare has won something of a reputation," etc. There is always room in the Merry-Go Round for "one more" or a dozen more, but Ara, my dear, how is Miss Prudence to introduce you to the other girls if you do not bring your full name with you? That is almost the only rule of the circle and the chaperone feels obliged to observe it, so cannot give your letter the place its merit deserves in this column.

"Moxie" sends an addressed envelope and would like to correspond with M. G. R.'s of either sex; he says: "When 'Peach' came into the circle, carrying with her the scent of blossoms, I could not withstand the temptation to 'come again.' I would like to know if there are any 'P. O. S. of A.' boys writing to the circle? I heartily agree with 'Jack' in much that he says, and think of him as a 'jolly, good fellow.' As to the ideal young lady, look high for her, boys, and then live up to the mark yourselves, for surely the girls have a right to expect as much as they give. Personally, I have no soft glances for the gentler sex, nor have they for me. I would like to have the motto and badge suggested by Helen of O. W. C. adopted by the circle. However, let's hear some one else's idea and take a vote on the subject."—Moxie.

"Vera Rose" believes in "ideals" but not in "equal rights" and will be glad to correspond with any of the Merry-Go Rounds.

Dear Merry-Go Rounds:—I come from sunny Kansas, the land of corn and beautiful sunflowers, and I quite agree with "Carl" and think his ideas are excellent. Of course he was in earnest about his ideal. Because we cannot find our ideals here is that any reason why we should discard them? I think every one should have an ideal in their hearts, so that when earth's "tempters," with sweet music and perfumed breezes, attempt to lure our souls away, we may look on and resist.

I am not in favor of equal suffrage. The surest way, the womanly way, and the noble way is by infusing pure and noble ideas into the minds of our dear fathers and brothers and our associates. Then, and not till then, will we have a pure government.—"Vera Rosa."

"Sunshine" No. 2, comes into the circle to ask a question of so much importance to her that Miss Prudence inserts it, though alas! "Sunshine" has no other name apparently, and even "that which she hath" has been used by another member, some weeks ago. She asks the girls to suggest a course of reading, that will be best and most instructive for one who has had but little leisure for reading, and wishes to make the best possible use of that little. Send your full name next time "Sunshine No. 2," and choose another "nom-de-plume," if you please.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—My title exactly expresses my desires, when I think of the coming meeting of our Circle. I was the only one of my set attending the gathering of May 31, and amid the clamor of silver-tongued young ladies I want to tell Union Blossom that "The Lone Star State" has many flowers. "Red Rose, "Wild Rose," "Briar Rose," and many others that I suspect are lovely. "White Rose," I wish you success in your field of labor, and have a special interest in all who are fitting themselves for teachers. I agree with "Helen of O. W. C." concerning T. A. Edison, but let us not forget the claims of the orphan boy, James A. Garfield. "Mother's Boy" gave the girls some sensible advice, and I hope he will come again. "Beryl Huntington's" words were true. It certainly seems foolish to waste our time reading "trash" when there are more really good books published than we can reasonably hope to read during our pilgrimage here below.—Make Haste.

The committee having to decide upon the merits of the essays upon the "Most prominent and useful man in United States history during the last fifty years," has experienced a great deal of difficulty in determining who was entitled to the prize. Of the seven opinions printed in the column, each had some points especially in their favor, but after careful consideration "Evelyn's" word for Abraham Lincoln, being concisely expressed, well-written and moreover expressive of the greatest act that man can do, "the freeing of the bound; the lifting up of those in sorrow and slavery—the bringing of peace out of war," the short and simple history of a truly honest, earnest man—has won the prize.

Wanting God.

Swami Vivekananda, when talking to Harvard students and others recently, among other exceedingly interesting things, to show what the religious people of India, his country, understand by wanting God, presented these two illustrations:

A thief is in a room adjoining another, in which is a great treasure. Of course he wants that treasure, and he wants it greatly, so that he will have no rest until bolts and bars are broken, giving him access to it.

A master whose disciple asked him to teach him of God, said: "Do you want God?"

"Oh, yes, very much," he replied. Thinking his life not in harmony with this confession, the master, a few days later, asked the disciple to go down to the river. Arriving there he said, "plunge in." He obeyed and was followed by the master, who seized him and held him under the water. Of course, the disciple struggled, and that mightily, for didn't he want to breathe. Loosing his grasp a little, he lets him rise to catch a breath,and lo! down again he plunges him, and this time, in spite of intense resistance, retains him longer, till in a most desperate exertion he is freed, and finds the air he had really wanted.

"Now," said the master, "you know what it is to want God, and none but those who thus want Him, have begun to be religious."

To look at this devout monk is to see his life. You would divine that he had thus wanted God. You would think he had been alone with him in the forest for months, in his booth reared by his own hand, if he had not told you so. You would know he had the highest Teacher in the universe for companion and instructor; for how else could he have learned such childlike simplicity and love, blended with such marvelous wisdom and grace!

May we not learn from him, if we will from none other, not to overestimate earthly riches, when there are such exceedingly precious treasures close at hand, when we want them?"—S. C. P., in Cottager

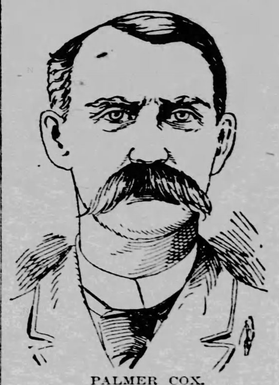
AN INFORMAL CHAT

ABOUT SOME AUTHORS AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Palmer Cox's Brownies—Poem by a Toledo Writer—Past and Present of Public Libraries.

I do not suppose there are many people who have not laughed over Palmer Cox's "Brownies." They are so irresistibly funny in expression, so quaint in form, and always wearing an air of what I can not name other than "unexpectedness." They seem so real, as real, I think, to imaginative grown-up people as to the children—at least I have always the feeling when looking at them, that if I should shut my eyes and remain quiet awhile, the little brown elfish things would come tumbling into my inner sight as full of life and comical antics as Mr. Cox has painted them.

A breezy sketch of this gentleman in the New York Mail and Express interested me, and doubtless will others who love his Brownies, for in it is



PALMER COX.

told the story of how they became such a reality to him that he could so cleverly give their portraits with pen and pencil to others. Away up in the north of Canada he lived when a boy, and there he had a dear old Scotch neighbor who knew a great deal about folk-lore. "In the long winter evenings she would sit and tell old Scotch legends, among them the traditions of the Brownies—a band of little brown men who lived in the wood, and at night not only gamboled and played all sorts of mischievous capers, but were always ready to help those in real trouble. Palmer Cox thought a great deal about these little brown men and longed for a glimpse of them. At school he pictured them on his slate instead of doing his arithmetic lesson. The fly-leaves of his books, the walls of his room, even the fences, as well as slate and paper, showed signs of his tell-tale pencil.

When he became a man, although he still kept his love for drawing and books, Mr. Cox did not follow his inclination. Realizing the struggles to be met by artist or author, and having a livelihood to make, he devoted himself to business. He drifted to California, where an artist who saw his work, advised him to place himself under instructors and to seek a market for his productions. He wrote stories for the periodicals in San Francisco from 1867 to 1875, and drew cartoons which were copied by the Eastern papers. He returned to the East and settled in New York, devoting his time to artistic and literary pursuits. He illustrated, in 1880, a humorous manuscript relating to the alphabet which was written by Mr. Arthur Gilman, of Cambridge, and in Mr. Cox's pictures for it each letter was carried by a Brownie. That was their origin. They were the first Brownies in print. His work was soon sought by the Wide Awake, St. Nicholas and Harper's Young People. The articles contributed to St. Nicholas were brought to the magazine as secretly and mysteriously as if left by the Brownies themselves, and it was five years before the editor and artist met."

Mr. Cox lives now in New York. His Brownieland is a studio upon Broadway where he does his work. To those who have begged him to turn his humble into a more ambitious direction, he replies: "I might make figures and call them men and women, but I am sure they would have the Brownies' peculiar movements." This expresses how real are these creatures of his imagination to himself.

Mr. Cox's latest production is the Brownie entertainment for children, called "The Brownies in Fairyland." At present he is occupied with a musical spectacular play or opera to be called "Palmer Cox's Brownies," which is to be put upon the stage next fall with grand scenic effects. I can not imagine anything but success for this, for it will be most laughter provoking, if the thought of the author is carried out. The music of the work was composed by Mr. Malcolm Douglas.

The following poem is from the pen of one of Toledo's gifted women, Mrs. Margaret L. Lawless, and appeared in The Pilot recently. It is entitled "Grown Old," and the subtle thought underlying the harmonious measure will say to many what we all need to think of—that the spinning of the thread is in our own hands, to make it fine and beautiful through the alchemy of hope and trust, or by hearkening to no voice but that of despair, thicken it to unloveliness:

Time wove a filmy veil within his loom,
And hung it silently before her face,
As gray frost overlies a garden's bloom
I' hides the remnants of lost girlhood's grace.
Yet why bewail? 'Twas she who spun each thread
Which Time took up within his loom to spread.

She bent at care; she quailed at stroke of pain;
She pined at losses; beat the empty air
And called the dead, with anguish deep as vain,
Hearkened no voice but that of her despair,
And all the while Time's silent work went on.
He wove and wove; she wept and frowned, yet spun.

'Twas thus her face was covered o'er and o'er
With network firmer than a silken mesh.
Lily or rose will bloom there never more
Nor dimple cleave again the shrinking flesh.
Only the yearning soul that knows not age,
Looks out entreating, from its shrinking cage.

Dr. Franklin in his autobiography, gave a description of the way in which the first subscription library in the United States was formed. It was a product of his own thought, and came about in this way: There was not in the city of Philadelphia a good book store—in fact, not one south of the city of Boston. A book-lover was obliged to send to the mother country for what he wished in this line, and as may well be imagined there were few who were able to do this to any great extent.

The members of the celebrated Junto club, to which Franklin belonged, individually possessed a few, and he proposed that they should take them to the club rooms, where each could borrow from the others what volumes they desired to take home with them to read. Trouble arose, however, because all were not equally careful, and some of the books came to a condition that was not pleasant to the owners, so that at the end of the year they were all taken home again by their respective owners.

Then Franklin set on foot his plan of a subscription library, and after great effort he found 50 persons, mostly young tradesmen, who were willing to pay down 40 shillings each and ten shillings a year for this purpose. With this small sum they began, their first books being received in 1732. The library was incorporated ten years later and grew apace, large gifts of books being made, and other libraries founded in imitation of it being absorbed. At the close of the Revolutionary war it numbered 5,000 volumes. In 1745 the valuable private library of Mr. James Logan was conveyed to it, and forms to-day the Logonian branch of the Philadelphia library, being kept up by its own funds.

To read this account and then of what great libraries are in existence to-day, is to bring a realization, not only of the growth of general intelligence, but of the reading habit of the American people. Going back to 1850, and in the United States there were about 100 libraries of 5,000 volumes or more, aggregating something like 1,000,000 volumes. "The largest library in the country was that of Harvard college, numbering 70,000 volumes. To-day Massachusetts has in its own free public libraries more volumes than were in all of the libraries of the United States. The report for 1890 shows the number of the latter at that date to be 4,000, and the volumes included 27,000,000. And every day adds to this great whole, so that the necessity of book gathering for private individuals is growing less and less.

A book recently issued which gives much interesting information regarding the public libraries of the United States is one under that caption by William I. Fletcher, the librarian of Amherst college. It is in the Columbian Knowledge series, and is published by Roberts Brothers, of Boston.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

LITTLE MISS BRAG.

Little Miss Brag has much to say
To the rich little lady from over the way;
And the rich little lady puts out a lip
As she looks at her own white, dainty slip
And wishes that she could wear a gown
As pretty as gingham of faded brown;
For little Miss Brag she lays much stress
On the privileges of a gingham dress—
"Aha,
Oho!"

The rich little lady from over the way
Has beautiful dolls in vast array;
Yet she envies the raggedy home-made doll
She hears our little Miss Brag extol.
For the raggedy doll can fear no hurt
From wet, or heat, or tumble, or dirt;
Her nose is inked, and her mouth is, too,
And one eye's black and the other's blue—
"Aha,
Oho!"

The rich little lady goes out to ride
With footmen standing up beside,
Yet wishes that, sometimes, after dark

Her father would trundle her in the park;—
That, sometimes, her mother would sing the things
Little Miss Brag says her mother sings
When through the attic window streams
The moonlight full of golden dreams—
"Aha,
Oho!"

Yes, little Miss Brag has much to say
To the rich little lady from over the way;
And yet who knows but from her heart
Often the bitter sighs upstart—
Uprise to lose their burn and sting
In the grace of the tongue that loves to sing
Praise of the treasures all its own!
So I've come to love that treble tone—
"Aha,
Oho!"

—Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.

THE ORIGIN OF "YANKEE DOODLE."

"Oh, what a racket!"

"Yes; it is those fellows with their drum, and dear knows what," replied Ned.

"They enjoy it, I suppose," continued Lou.

"I presume so."

And Ned looked as if he did not think it such a dreadful thing as Lou seemed to consider it.

"They are playing 'Yankee Doodle,'" said Lou, after a moment's pause.

"Of course they are; that is the proper way to show a fellow's patriotism," returned Ned. "Seems as if 'Yankee Doodle' would never wear out. It has been played ever since I can remember."

Lou laughed long and loud. It was quite improper for a girl, she well knew; but then it was too funny.

"As long as you can remember," she repeated as soon as she could catch her breath; then she went off into another peal of laughter. "Why, Ned, 'Yankee Doodle' is a hundred years old, to say the least. It isn't likely to wear out after standing that test."

"A hundred years old," repeated Ned; Lou, are you sure?"

"Quite sure. Some say older; they even think it was written in England, in the time of Cromwell, only it was 'Nankee Doodle,' and the line,—

'Nankee Doodle came to town,'

had reference to Cromwell entering Oxford, and the 'feather in his cap,' etc., was a hit upon his wearing a plume fastened with a peculiar knot called 'macaroni.' I looked up 'macaroni' in the dictionary, and found out that it means a collection of things thrown together. I can imagine just what kind of a knot that was—all ends hanging out all ways! But I would much rather believe that the tune and words belong to Revolutionary times, so long as it has become a national air. Some think the word 'Yankee' is simply a corruption of the way the Indians pronounced 'English.' They said 'Yanglais' and instead of getting it nearer right, they got it more and more corrupted, until they brought up on 'Yankee.' I believe it was just after the battle of Lexington that 'Yankee Doodle' was adopted as a national song."

"Well, I didn't know all that before," said Ned. "Do you know the origin of our other national airs?"

"'Hail Columbia' was written (I mean the words) by Joseph Hopkinson, a lawyer and judge of Philadelphia; the tune was composed by a German, as a march, in honor of the first President of the United States, and was called the 'President's March,' some time before the words were written. 'The Star Spangled Banner' was written about seventy years ago. When we have talked up a little farther in our history we will come to the bombardment of Baltimore. There is a pretty story about the writing of that song. The British fleet had anchored below Baltimore; and while land troops moved against the city, the fleet bombarded Fort McHenry, one of the defenses on the river below. Mr. Francis Key was a prisoner on a British ship, and, as the bombardment was kept up through the night, he and a friend who was with him were very anxious, as morning came, to know the fate of the fort. And one said to the other, as he looked out at the first streak of light, 'Do you see the flag?' The old flag was still waving from the fort, and the question suggested the poem which Mr. Key wrote out:

"Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Oh, say, does the star spangled banner still wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

Lou hummed the lines; then she added: "Since I read the story, the song seems to mean a great deal more than it did before."

"It does make it seem different," said Ned, thoughtfully. "Say, Lou, can't you imagine them straining their eyes before it was really light enough to see, trying to catch a glimpse of the old flag? That flag meant a great deal to them, didn't it?"

"Indeed it did! But I suppose it really did not mean any more to them than it does to us now."

"I don't understand how," said Ned.

"Why, the flag told them that the fort had not surrendered; that the British had been unsuccessful in their attack; and that it tells us, every time we look at it, floating out on the breeze, that our government still stands, and that we are still protected by the power that holds up the flag."

"But after all, it is different," said Ned; "that was in war time, but nobody is firing at the flag now."

"So much the more reason to be glad."

"How came we to have the flag,

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

THE STRIKE WEAKENING

PROSPECT THAT IT WILL SPEEDILY BE ENDED.

Rioting and Incendiarism in Chicago—Federal Troops in that City—The Outlook.

Chicago, July 5.—Fifteen freight cars were overturned on the Lake Shore road near Thirty-ninth and Halsted street just at the entrance to the Union Stock Yards at 1:30 p. m. A number of cars belonging to the stock yards switching association were overturned a few moments before. The mob which numbered far

GEN. SCHOFIELD.
(Commanding United States Army.)

up in the thousands rushed by common impulse at the cars and pitched them in the ditch. No troops were at the scene of the trouble just then, the soldiers from Blue Island being at a different point near by, half a mile distant.

Ten thousand strikers congregated at Forties street and Wentworth avenue and tried to wreck the tower house on the Lake Shore and Rock Island roads. Police Lieutenant Fitzpatrick was dispatched to the scene with a large force of police.

Chicago, July 5.—Regular troops made their first charge on the strikers at the yards this morning. Ninety of the Fifteenth regiment, under Major Hartz and Captains Chapin, Company E, and Mitchell, Company D, dispersed 3,000 men that were blocking the passage of a meat train near the main entrance to the yards. Swift & Co. were starting a meat train for New York. It was ready to leave the yards, but the crowd prevented its departure and refused to move from the tracks.

Troops were sent for, and the detachment under Major Hartz was soon on the ground. A short distance from the scene of trouble the order to move on the double quick with fixed bayonets was given. Through the crowd the soldiers moved without resistance, and the strikers and their sympathizers fled without reforming.

Noon.—The yards at Fifty-fourth street are full of strikers. Companies C and G, of the Fifteenth infantry, have just arrived from Blue Island to reinforce troops already here. The troops got out of the cars at Fifty-third street. Company C deployed and the troops marched through the yards at charged bayonets. The mob disappeared before them. Large crowds were on the tops of freight cars, but no stones were thrown. The yards have been closed.

GOVERNOR ALTGELD'S DEMAND

That Federal Troops Shall Be Removed From Illinois.

Washington, July 6.—Gov. Altgeld, of Illinois, has called upon the President to remove the federal troops from Illinois.

"Executive Mansion, Washington, July 5, 1894.

"Hon. John P. Altgeld, Governor of Illinois, Springfield, Ill.:

"Federal troops were sent to Chicago in strict accordance with the constitution and laws of the United States, upon the demand that the Postoffice department that obstruction of mails should be removed, and upon the representations of the judicial officers of the United States that process of the federal courts could not be executed through the ordinary means, and upon abundant proof that conspiracies existed against commerce between states. To meet these conditions, which are clearly within the province of federal authority, the presence of federal troops in the city of Chicago was deemed not only proper but necessary, and there has been no intention of thereby interfering with the plain duty of the local authorities to preserve the peace of the city.

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

Governor Altgeld's Telegram.

The following is Gov. Altgeld's telegram:

"Executive Office, State of Illinois, July 5.

"Hon. Grover Cleveland, President of the United States:

"Dear Sir:—I am advised that you have ordered federal troops to go into service in the state of Illinois. Surely, the facts have not been correctly presented to you in this case, or you would not have taken this step, for it is entirely unnecessary, and, as it seems to me, unjustifiable. Waiving all questions of courtesy, I will say that the state of Illinois is not only able to take care of itself, but it stands ready to-day to furnish the federal government any assistance it may need elsewhere. Our military force is ample, and consists of as good soldiers as can be found in the country. They have been ordered out promptly whenever and wherever they were needed. We have stationed in Chicago alone three regiments of infantry, one battery and one troop of cavalry, and no better soldiers can be found. They have been ready every moment to go on duty, and have been, and are now eager to go into service. But they have not been ordered out because nobody in Cook county, whether official or private citizen, asked to have their assistance, or even hinted in any way that their assistance was desired or necessary.

"So far as I have been advised, the local officials have been able to handle the situation. But if any assistance were needed, the state stood ready to furnish 100 men for every one man required, and stood ready to do so at a moment's notice. Notwithstanding these facts the federal government has been applied to by men who had political and selfish motives for wanting to ignore the state government. We have just gone through a long coal strike, more extensive here than in any other state, because our soft coal field is larger than that of any other state, we have now had ten days of the railroad strike, and we have promptly furnished military aid wherever the local officials needed it. In two instances the United States marshal for the Southern district of Illinois applied for assistance to enable him to enforce the processes of the United States court, and troops were promptly furnished him, and he was assisted in every way he desired. The law has been thoroughly executed, and every man guilty of violating it during the strike, has been brought to justice. If the marshal for the northern district of Illinois, or the authorities of Cook county needed military assistance, they had but to ask for it in order to get it from the state.

"At present some of our railroads are paralyzed, not from reasons of obstructing, but because they cannot get men to operate their trains. For some reason they are anxious to keep this fact from the public, and for this purpose are making an outcry about obstructions in order to divert attention. Now I will cite to you two examples which illustrates the situation:

"Some days ago I was advised that the business of one of our railroads was obstructed at two railroad centers—that there was a condition bordering on anarchy there, and I was asked to furnish protection so as to enable the employes of the road to operate the trains. Troops were promptly ordered to both points. Then it transpired that the company had not sufficient men on its line to operate one train. All the old hands were orderly, but refused to go. The company had large shops in which worked a number of men who did not belong to the railway union and who could run an engine. They were appealed to run the train, but flatly refused. We were obliged to hunt up soldiers who could run an engine and operate a train.

"Again, two days ago appeals which were almost frantic came from officials of another road, stating that at an important point on their lines trains were forcibly obstructed and that there was a reign of anarchy at that place, and they asked for protection so that they could move their trains. Troops were put on the ground in a few hour's time, when the officer in command telegraphed me that there was no trouble and had been none at that point, but that the road seemed to have no men to run trains, and the sheriff telegraphed that he did not need troops, but would himself move every train if the company would only furnish an engineer. The result was that the troops were there over 12 hours before a single train was moved, although there was no attempt at interference by anybody. It is true that in several instances a road made efforts to work a few green men, and a crowd standing around insulted them and tried to drive them away, and in a few other cases they cut off Pullman sleepers from trains. But all these troubles were local in character and could easily be handled by the state authorities. Illinois has more railroad men than any other state in the Union, but as a rule they are orderly and well behaved.

"This is shown by the fact that so far very little actual violence has been committed. Only a very small per cent of these men has been guilty of any infractions of the law. The newspaper accounts have in many cases been pure fabrications, and in others wild exaggerations.

"I have gone thus into details to show that it is not soldiers that the railroads need so much as it is men to operate trains, and that the conditions do not exist here which bring the cause within the federal statutes, a statute that was passed in 1861, and was in reality a war measure. This statute authorized the use of federal troops in a state whenever it shall be impracticable to enforce the laws of the United States within such states by the ordinary judicial proceedings. Such a condition does not now exist in Illinois.

"There have been a few local disturbances, but nothing that seriously interfered with the administration of justice, or that could not be easily controlled by the local or state authorities, for the federal troops can do nothing that the state troops cannot do. I repeat, that you have been imposed upon in this matter, but even by a forced construction it were held that the conditions here came within the letter of the statute, then I submit that local self-government is a fundamental principle of our constitution.

"Each community shall govern itself so long as it can and is ready and able to enforce the law, and it is in harmony with this fundamental principle that the statute authorizing the President to send troops into states must be construed; especially is this so in matters relating to the exercise of the police power and the preservation of law and order.

"To absolutely ignore a local government in matters of this kind, when the local government is ready to furnish the assistance needed, and is amply able to enforce the law, not only insults the people of this state by imputing to them an inability to govern themselves, or an unwillingness to enforce the law, but is in violation of a basic principle of our institutions. The queston of federal supremacy is in no way involved. No one disputes it for a moment, but under our constitution federal supremacy and local self-government must go hand in hand, and to ignore the latter is to do violence to the constitution.

"As governor of the state of Illinois I protest against this, and ask the immediate withdrawal of the federal troops from active duty in this state. Should the situation at any time get so serious that we cannot control it with the state forces, we will promptly and freely ask for federal assistance, but until such time I protest, with all due deference, against this uncalled for reflection upon our people, and again ask the immediate withdrawal of these troops.

"I have the honor to be,

"Yours respectfully,

"JOHN P. ALTGELD,

"Governor of Illinois."

FRIDAY AT CHICAGO.

Debs Has No Control of His Men and the Dangerous Element.

Chicago, July 6.—The day opened threateningly and ominous signs were visible everywhere in Chicago. At an early hour the mobs began to assemble about the junction points of the railways and before 9 o'clock it was evident that a great battle for supremacy was on. Mayor Hopkins telegraphed hastily to the governor asking for five regiments of militia to aid him in preserving the peace. Thousands of people gathered at Kensington, near Pullman, and the junction point of the Michigan Central and Illinois Central lines. There were no troops there, but the track was guarded by a small company of United States marshals.

Very soon a milk train arrived on it way to Chicago, and this was the signal for hostilities to begin. The mob began an assault, and were met with great vigor by the marshals, who instantly began firing. Two of the rioters were killed outright and a number wounded.

A mad frenzy seized the people and they rushed in, seized the milk train and began tipping the cars over. They then detached the engine, ran it down the track half a mile, stopped it, reversed it, opened the throttle wide and drove it back into the mass of overturned freight cars, scattering the debris far and wide and rendering the track impassable in any direction. A frantic appeal was sent at once to Chicago for assistance, and the troops were dispatched to the scene.

At Burnside, a station three miles nearer Chicago, 50 empty freight cars were standing upon the track. The mob set fire to these and they were all practically destroyed.

Two strikers were killed outright, and others are thought to have been seriously injured in a riot in the Illinois Central yards at Kensington today.

The Baltimore & Ohio milk train due in Chicago at 6:40 p. m. last night, when nearing 39th street, was attacked by a howling mob of 500 or more, who showered stones and other missiles upon it. All the windows in the train and cab of the engine were smashed in, and the mob threatened to kill the engineer. They also turned box cars over on the tracks ahead of the train, and drove it back to 75th street, from which point it finally receded to South Chicago. The crew on train 12 yesterday, were held up at Brighton Park, and notified that if they attempted to bring the milk train this morning, the mob would kill every man of them.

Chicago, July 6.—Governor Altgeld has ordered out the 1st and 3d brigades of the stat militia, commanded by Brig. Gens. Wheeler and Welch.

ALTGELD PROTESTS AGAIN.

And Receives a Scorching Answer From President Cleveland.

Springfield, Ill., July 7.—Governor Altgeld has addressed a lengthy reply to President Cleveland on the subject of the ordering of federal troops into the state of Illinois. He says that if the President's assumption that the executive has the legal right to order federal troops into a community without regard to the question as to whether that community is able to enforce the law itself then the principle of local self government either never did exist in this country or else has been destroyed. He says it is a fundamental principle in our government that except in times of war the military shall be subordinate to the civil authorities.

He protests that the federal troops now in Chicago are not acting under the civil authorities. He says the statute authorizing federal troops to be sent into the state in certain cases contemplates that the state troops shall be taken first.

This provision has been ignored and it is assumed that the executive is not bound by it. Federal interference with industrial disturbances in the various states is certainly a new departure and it opens up so large a field that it will require but very little stretch of authority to assert to itself all the details of local government.

Governor Altgeld suggests that the executive commands not only the regular forces, but the militia and that under the President's construction of the law it would be easy for an ambitious executive to establish a military government. He claims that the presence of the federal troops in Illinois has proved to be an irritant. He concludes by expressing the belief that the state is amply able to enforce the law and again asks the withdrawal of the federal troops.

CLEVELAND'S SCORCHING REPLY

To the Second Letter of Illinois' Governor.

Washington, July 7.—The letter of Governor Altgeld came over the wire to the White House and occupied a considerable time in transmission. It was nearly midnight when the following reply of President Cleveland was given to the press:

"Executive Mansion,

"Washington, July 6.

"Hon. J. P. Altgeld, governor of Illinois, Springfield, Ill.:

"While I am still persuaded that I have neither transcended my authority or my duty, in the emergency that confronts us, it seems to me that in this hour of danger and public distress discussion may well give way to active effort on the part of all authorities to restore obedience to the law and to protect life and property.

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

THE DEAD AND WOUNDED.

Men Killed and Injured So Far in Chicago.

Chicago, July 7.—Three killed and five more or less seriously wounded is the bloody record of yesterday's riots in Chicago. This is the list:

Killed.

LETTERS, WILLIAM, shot through the heart at Western avenue.

RICHIE, S. F., Pinkerton detective, acting as deputy marshal, attacked a boy who was stealing melons from a car. He was set upon by a crowd of onlookers who beat the detective so badly that he died during the evening.

ZEFF, RICHARD, deputy marshal, killed by accidental discharge of a riot gun.

The Wounded.

Ansleyes, W. E., shot by a deputy marshal at Kensington, may prove fatal.

Lehmann, W. J., shot in the neck by his wife who was shooting at a striker.

Martin, William, wounded by the accidental discharge of a riot gun.

Udess, Frederick, shot by a deputy marshal at Kensington.

Unknown man shot by deputy marshal; not seriously injured.

FIRE BUGS AT WORK.

Chicago Was a Pit of Hell Friday Night in Very Truth.

Chicago, July 7.—With flaming torch the lawless horde of firebugs were at work at scores of points in the south half of Chicago. Fires last night raged in every direction, among the numerous railroad yards hundreds of cars and tens of thousands of dollars worth of merchandise went up in smoke or have been carried off by the frenzied mob of rioters. Incendiarism was rampant, alarm after alarm followed in quick succession all day Friday, and Friday night at 11 o'clock the glare reflected from the heavens showed that the dastardly pastime continued unabated. From early morning until midnight reports of fresh outrages, fires followed each other with startling rapidity, being confined, however, principally to railroad rolling stock and buildings, against which thus far the greater part of the mobs fury has been directed.

Early Friday morning a blaze started among some overturned cars at Kensington, quickly communicating to other tracks filled with long lines of cars, many containing valuable merchandise were soon blazing furiously. Fanned by strong winds there were at this point a total of 80 cars wiped out. At the stock yards one blaze after another was reported, and from the outlying districts came urgent calls for engines and police protection increasing in frequency.

But with the falling shadows of night came the climax of the fiery festival. The Pan Handle yards, from Fifty-fifth to Sixty-third streets, eight blocks, became a mass of flames. From 1,000 to 2,000 cars, half of them loaded, are a total loss. No water being at hand the fire had to burn itself out. The Pan Handle at Sixty-third street was also fired and destroyed. The Grand Trunk yards at Ellston was a sea of flames, 500 box cars supposed to have been burned.

The flag shanties and other railroad property were burned, and no water, except one stream from a plug at Fifty-first street could be obtained. While directing the movements of the Eleventh battalion at this point the thoroughly frenzied mob of firebugs and thrown into a pond from which he was rescued by the police more dead than alive. Everything at this point will probably be a total loss.

At Hyde Park, near the World's Fair grounds, the ashes of 40 cars smoulder, and the mob later succeeds in firing the Illinois Central shops at Burnside.

At the stock yards last night about fifty toughs, a few of whom are railroad men, skulked from point to point and set a number of fires. Their method was thoroughly unique. Loading several handcars with buckets of "waste" and oil they would glide around among the cars in the darkness, lighting wads of the inflammable stuff, which would be thrown into the open doors of the cars as they passed by them. Fires sprung up on every hand, and no organized effort on the part of the police seemed to be under way to intercept them. This is the banner district of the city if not of the entire country for all-round toughs and it is as much as a man's life is worth to interfere with them.

SATURDAY IN CHICAGO.

Riots Began Early and Hoodlums Loose All Day.

Chicago, July 7.—A survey of the scene at the stock yards this morning showed that the devastation by fire along the line of the Pan Handle railroad extends over at least three miles. Everything perishable was destroyed, including cars, switch houses, signal towers and exposed freight.

The fires are still burning, and now and then break out in a new center. Policemen closely guarded the Lake Shore, Fort Wayne, Western Indiana and Pennsylvania tracks at the stock yards all last night, and to-day preparations were made to start meat trains eastward. Tracks were being slowly cleared of obstructions with the intention that as soon as this was accomplished, switching would begin. In many instances the obstructions were so ingeniously and firmly fixed that it was almost impossible to remove them. It was stated that when the trains were ready to move all the military and police force available would be exercised to prevent interference.

Rioters in South Chicago.

Intent on the destruction of freight cars in the Monon yards at 64th street a mob gathered in that district at 5 o'clock this morning. The rioters started for the yards, and a call was sent to Englewood police station for help. Forty officers were sent to the yards. Their appearance did not frighten the strikers, and they continued their march.

Orders to disperse had no effect and several shots were fired into the disorderly ranks and the men fled. One of their number was struck by a bullet from Sergt. Bruton's revolver. The wound was apparently not serious, and the man was hurried away by his friends.

Serious trouble was looked for today at 49th street and the Grand Trunk tracks. A mob that gathered there this morning threatened to burn the round-house. The building was surrounded and a move towards the threatened destruction was expected any moment. Col. Moulton and forty men of the Second regiment, I. N. G., was sent to the scene to guard the buildings and yards.

Attacking Many Roads.

Before 10 o'clock to-day officials of the Grand Trunk telephoned the police that large mobs of men were moving down their tracks in the direction of their shops at the crossing of the Panhandle tracks at Forty-ninth street. They expressed the belief that the mob intended burning their shops. Chief of Police Brennan ordered Inspector Hunt to the scene with a force of men.

Half an hour later a message came from the Northern Pacific and Baltimore & Ohio heads that mobs were gathering at Forty-seventh and at Fifty-ninth streets, where these com-

COL. R. E. A. CROFTON.
(Commander of Troops in active work at Chicago.)

panies have wrecking trains. Fear was expressed that the strikers intended burning these wrecking trains in order to prevent the clearing of tracks. Inspector Hunt was also notified to attend to this trouble.

Along the Burlington tracks scenes of violence were enacted for the first time to-day. At West Fortieth and Twenty-fourth streets a mob gathered and upset several freight cars. The rioters were dispersed by police from Lawndale station.

Symptoms of Disorder.

Symptoms of disorder were frequent to-day at all points along the railway tracks between Thirty-ninth street and Fifty-fifth streets. Police officers, details of militia, and federal troops were scattered along the line. At Brighton Park a squad of police were on guard under command of Lieut. Walsh, with orders to shoot at the first attempt of the rioters to destroy property.

Debs Served.

President Debs was served to-day with the injunction issued by the United States court some days ago. The injunction was served as Debs was leaving the Sherman house this morning, after a brief conference with Grand Master Workman Sovereign.

THE FIRST CONFLICT BETWEEN TROOPS AND RIOTERS.

Saturday Night's Battle and Its Results—Debs and Sovereign Issue a Pronunciamento to the President.

Chicago, July 9.—The strikers and the state of Illinois came together Saturday afternoon, and a pitched battle was the result. It has not been possible to estimate with any degree of accuracy the number of killed or wounded. The mob closed in around their injured and carried them away.

The names of some of those who were hurt have been reported to the authorities. Some of the men were taken to the hospital. The fight occurred at the intersection of Forty-ninth street and the Grand Trunk tracks, a locality which has always borne an evil name, and can produce any day two toughs for every square yard of territory within a radius of half a mile. Before 9 o'clock a large mob had gathered and made threats of burning the Grand Trunk roundhouse.

In response to a request for aid, Co. F, of the Second Infantry, numbering 38, were dispatched to the scene of trouble. Capt. Kelly was in command. When the troops were reinforced by a number of deputies, the mob was pressed back from the roundhouse. The crowd gathered again at Fiftieth street, and began to turn over freight cars and tear up the tracks. A squad of police under Lieut. Duffy, attacked them from the other side, firing several shots which did not take effect.

The mob by this time numbered nearly 8,000, and while a portion of them occupied the militia and deputies, others ran a freight car into the pit of a turn-stile, making the machine useless. Amidst the hoots of the mob and hundreds of flying stones, Supt. Atwater and Yardmaster McKee with a gang of men set to work to remove the obstruction.

This condition of affairs prevailed for several hours, the militia acting with excellent judgment and coolness under the most trying circumstances. Finally a freight car from a siding was pushed in front of the train which had brought the militia to the scene of the trouble, in order to block their line of retreat.

Capt. Kelly conferred with Supt. Atwater and concluded it was impracticable to clear the track, and that as the mob was growing wilder every moment the best thing to do was to leave the place before the strikers proceeded to such extremities as would necessitate his opening fire on them.

He accordingly detailed half of his company to move the car which blocked the track on which the train was standing, and with the balance held back the crowd, which began to press closer and closer, as it saw signs of the troops making a retreat. He drew his men back slowly, several times turning them to confront the crowd when it came too close.

Several times the yelling mob made a rush, but each time Capt. Kelly met them steadily, and the toughs paused before the threatening rifles. Finally a rush was made at Yardmaster McKee. Immediately Mr. McKee drew his revolver, and fired wildly. A shower of bricks, stones, chunks of coal and coupling pins were then fired at the troops by the mob now wild with rage.

When Lieut Reed fell, having been struck twice in the head by stones, Capt. Kelly, concluding that the time had come, wheeled his men around, and gave the word to charge. The militiamen sprang forward with leveled bayonets.

John Burke, one of the strikers, standing in the front, was completely pierced through the body as he was in the act of throwing a piece of coal. He died in a few minutes. The mob broke before the charge, but quickly rallied, and after a short pause, came on again, sending a pattering of revolver bullets before it.

The troops, deputies and police waited for no orders, but the rifles came to a level, revolvers were drawn and a storm of leaden death swept into the mob. Men fell right and left, but the troops, deputies and police pressed forward rapidly driving the crowd before them in the wildest confusion.

It was all over in three minutes, and the militia marched into their train, and with the deputies returned to the city. They looked as though they had been through a battle when they disembarked at Dearborn station. The uniforms were torn, hats gone, they were covered with dust and dirt, and many of them had been badly bruised by flying stones.

As the train with the militia moved off, fully 20,000 people crowded about the handful of police left behind. Stones and iron were hurled at them. The officers prepared to sell their lives dearly, and drawing their revolvers, backed up against each other. Patrolman Ryan made a break for a patrol box, and in a few minutes Lieut. Kilcoyne and twelve men responded. These men started to beat a retreat, and were snortly reinforced by Capt. O'Neil and thirteen more men.

The condition of things was now extremely critical. Loomis street, the heart of the anarchistic settlement, was crowded by a howling, shrieking mob. The patrol horses were urged through it, the crowd sullenly parting. Without flinching, they clubbed their way through to their fellows and then all started back against the crowd.

At every step they knocked a man down, and as they advanced the crowd showered stones on them like hail. Rushing into nearby saloons the mob barricaded the doors and made a stand, but were driven out through windows and back doors like rats, clubs descending on their heads at every jump. Windows in the houses adjoining were suddenly thrown open and a volley of shot poured into the police, who returned the fire and the mob finally scattered into alleys and side streets, ending the pursuit.

The ground over which the fight occurred was like a battlefield. The men shot by the troops lay about like logs. Hats knocked off and coats thrown off to lessen the weight in the fight were scattered about, while on the Loomis street crossing where the eight police officers had made their stand, were fully 500 large stones which had been thrown by the mob.

Killed.

JACK BURKE, a notorious tough, commonly called "Eugene" Burke, shot in the abdomen and killed.

Wounded.

Thomas Blackwell, boy, shot in leg.

Charles Klineberg, cattleman, stabbed three times in groin and thigh by bayonet, fatally hurt.

Michael Bracken, shot through hip, will die.

Henry Williams, living at No. 183 Thirty-first street, shot in left arm and shoulder.

Tony Grejeloski, No. 6511 Carpenter street, shot in shoulder and left arm.

Joseph Enyithetler, No. 484 Loomis street, shot in right shoulder.

John Kerr, shot in loin.

Charles Odie, No. 4849 Bishop street, shot in right thigh.

Wade Kusmuku, shot in back.

William Jackman, laborer, No. 5201 Laflin avenue, shot through abdomen.

Unknown man; unconscious, shot through arm and arm amputated.

Unknown boy; unconscious, shot through left arm, which will have to be amputated.

Mrs. Anna Singer, No. 4748 Throop street; shot in right leg.

George Bocknur, No. 4810 Loomis street; shot in left leg.

John Schultz, No. 4841 Throop street, shot in right thigh. Will die. Taken to the county hospital.

Lieutenant Harry Read, company C, Second regiment, I. N. G., badly bruised about the head with stones. Brought to Dearborn street station and afterward removed in a carriage to the Harvard club, Sixty-third street and Harvard avenue.

Peter Ierijanski, No. 4820 Throop street; breast wound, taken home, will die.

John Smidt, No. 4047 Loomis inna g

John Smidt, No. 4832 Winchester avenue, shot through both legs, may die.

John Kronberg, No. 4047 Loomis street, bayonet wounds in breast.

Charles Klingenberger, No. 4847 Loomis street, two bayonet wounds in left thigh.

K. A. Zurowski, No. 4806 Loomis street, shot in right shoulder.

Walter Schrwsky, No. 4810 Throop street, shot in right thigh and left leg.

THEY ASK FOR JUSTICE.

Telegram Sent to the President by Debs and Sovereign.

Chicago, July 9.—The following letter was telegraphed to President Cleveland Saturday night by Messrs. Debs and Sovereign of the A. R. U. and the Knights of Labor:

Chicago, July 7.

To the Hon. Grover Cleveland, President of the United States.

Dear Sir:—Through a long period of depression, enforced idleness and low wages, resulting in widespread poverty and in many cases actual starvation, the working people have been patient, patriotic and law abiding, and not until the iron heel of corporate tyranny was sions of the United States mails is not interrupted by the striking employes of any railway company, but by the railway companies themselves, who refused to haul the mails on trains to which Pullman cars were attached. If it is a criminal interference with the United States mails for the employes of a railway company to detach from a mail train a Pullman palace car contrary to the will of the company, then it holds true that it is the same criminal interference whenever a Pullman palace car is detached from a mail train in accordance with the will of a railway company, while said mail train is in transit. The line of criminality in such cases should not be drawn at the willingness or unwillingness of railway employes, but at the act itself, and inasmuch as it has been the common practice of railway corporations to attach and detach from mail trains Pullman palace cars at will while said trains are in transit and carrying the mails of the United States, it would seem an act of discrimination against the employes of the railway corporations to declare such acts unlawful interference with the transmission of the mails when done by employes with or without the consent of their employers.

In view of these facts we look upon the far-fetched decision of Attorney General Olney, the sweeping un-American injunctions against railway employes and the movements of the regular army employing the powers of the general government for the support and protection of the railway corporations in their determination to degrade and oppress their employes.

The present railway strike was precipitated by the uneasy desire of the railway corporations to destroy the organizations of their employes and make the working people more subservient to the will of their employers; and, as all students of government agree that free institutions depend for their perpetuity upon the freedom and prosperity of the common people, it would seem more in consonance with the spirit of democratic government if federal authority was exercised in defense of the rights of the toiling masses to life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness. But, on the contrary, there is not an instance on record where in any conflict between the corporations and the people the strong arm of the military power has been employed to protect the working people and the industrial classes from the ravages of corporate greed. But the measure of character has been in the line of declaring the corporations always good and in the right, and the working people always applied with the intention to subjugate the working people to the will of the arrogant monopolies did they make any effort to stay their oppressors.

The Pullman strike was not declared until the employes of the Pullman company were driven to the verge of starvation, their entreaties spurned with contempt and their grievances denied a hearing. To refuse to handle Pullman cars was declared by any railway employe until all propositions looking towards arbitration and conciliation were rejected by the Pullman company. Notwithstanding the facts set forth above were known to the public and the national authorities, you have seen fit, under the guise of protecting the mails and federal property, to invoke the service of the United States army, whose very presence is used to coerce and intimidate peaceable working people into a humiliating obedience to the will of their oppressors.

By your acts, in so far as you have supplanted civil and state authorities with the federal military power, the spirit of mistrust has so far been augmented that a deep seated conviction is fast becoming prevalent that this government is soon to be declared a military despotism. The transmission of the mails was a mere pretext.

Now, sir, we pledge to you the power of our respective organizations, individually and collectively, for the maintenance of peace and good order and the preservation of life and property, and will aid in the arrest and punishment of all violators of the civil and criminal laws of state or nation. In the present contest between labor and railway corporations we shall use every peaceable and honorable means at our command consistent with the law and our sense of rights to secure for the working people just compensation for labor done and respectable consideration in accordance with the inherent rights of all men and the spirit of republican government. In doing so, we appeal to all the liberty-loving people of the nation to aid and support us in this most just and righteous cause.

Eugene V. Debs,
President American Railway Union.
J. R. Sovereign,
Grand Master Workman Knights of Labor.

PROCLAMATION MADE BY THE PRESIDENT

Strong Statement Issued by the President After a Cabinet Deliberation of Several Hours—What Effect It Will Have.

Washington, July 9.—Just before midnight President Cleveland issued the following:

"Proclamation by the President of the United States:

"Whereas, By reason of unlawful obstructions, combinations and assemblages of persons, it has become impracticable in the judgment of the President to enforce, by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, the laws of the United States within the state of Illinois and especially in the city of Chicago within said state; and,

"Whereas, That for the purpose of enforcing the faithful execution of the laws of the United States and protecting its property and removing obstructions to the United States mails in the state and city aforesaid, the President has employed a part of the militia force of the United States.

"Now, therefore, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby admonish all good citizens and all persons who may or may not come within the city and state aforesaid against aiding, countenancing, encouraging or taking any part in such unlawful obstructions, combinations and assemblages, and I hereby call on all persons in or in any way connected with such combinations and assemblages to disperse and to retire peaceably to their abodes on or before noon on July 9 instant.

"Those who disregard this warning and persist in taking part with a riotous mob in forcibly resisting and obstructing the execution of the laws of the United States, or interfering with the functions of the government, or destroying or attempting to destroy the property belonging to the United States or under its protection, can not be regarded otherwise than as public enemies. Troops employed against such a riotous mob will act with all moderation and forbearance consistent with the accomplishment of the desired end, but the necessities that confront them will not, with certainty, permit discrimination between guilty participants and those who mingled with them from curiosity and without criminal intent.

"The only safe course, therefore, for those not actually unlawfully participating is to abide at their homes, or at least not to be found in the neighborhood of riotous assemblages. While there will be no hesitation or vacillation in the decisive treatment of the guilty, this warning is especially intended to protect and save the innocent.

"In testimony whereof I hereunto set my hand and cause the seal of the United States to be hereto affixed.

"GROVER CLEVELAND.

"By the President.

"W. Q. GRESHAM,

"Secretary of State."

RIOT AT HAMMOND.

A Mob of Thousands Sacked the Town Sunday.

Chicago, July 9.—A serious fight occurred at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon at Hammond, Ind., between a mob of 5,000 men and Company B of the Fifteenth United States infantry, in which Charles Fleischman was killed and several others, including one woman and Victor Vageter, are said to have been fatally wounded. William Campbell was shot through both legs. The mob became so violent shortly after noon that a battalion of the First Illinois militia was sent down from Pullman. It drove the rioters over the state line which runs just west of Hammond, but were not able to do more, as they could not move into the state of Indiana. Word was sent to Chicago for a company of

GEN. MILES.
(Who is in Command of Troops at Chicago.)

regulars, and Captain Hart, with Company B, of the Fifteenth infantry, was dispatched to the scene.

The regulars were patrolling the tracks in a passenger coach when they were attacked by a mob with stones, some shots being fired. The troops at once returned the fire through the car windows, killing Charles Fleischman, who was shot through the bowels, and wounding W. H. Campbell in the leg. Several other men and one woman were wounded, but their names are not known. Three additional companies of regulars were sent from Chicago on a special train, arriving at 4 o'clock. The mob had wrecked the Western Union office, driven out all the telegraph operators in town, and cut the telephone wires, making it very difficult to obtain information from the place.

"Matters looked so threatening that a call was sent to Chicago for reinforcements and two more companies were sent out on a special train. These additional troops were stationed at the scene of trouble and effectually cowed the rioters for the time being. Major Hartz arrested four of the leaders of the mob and took them to Chicago, with a small detachment of troops. While the train was pulling out of the city a crowd gathered and stoned it, but quickly disappeared on the approach of a company of infantry.

The Dead.

CHARLES FLEISCHER, shot down.

The Wounded.

Mrs. Fleming, shot in knee.

Victor Bitte, shot in the leg.

William Campbell, shot through both legs.

Unknown man, shot through both legs.

SUNDAY IN CHICAGO.

All Was Quiet as Compared With Saturday.

Chicago, July 9.—Comparative quiet prevailed as a rule within the city yesterday, though there were as might have been expected a number of sporadic instances where little knots of malcontents gathered became boisterous and were finally scattered by a charge from the police. A number of small mobs formed, went rioting, firing and overturning cars; heads were cracked and small fry brawls, mostly the result of too much bad whisky, were frequently reported at police headquarters. There was, however, no concerted effort at incendiarism or violence, although at a number of places individual cars were fired, several of which were destroyed. A coal train on the Eastern Illinois was ditched at Root street by a switch being misplaced after the engine and four cars had been passed over.

The work of clearing the tracks in the Grand Trunk yards at Forty-ninth and Ashland avenue, where debris from the hundred of burned cars covered the tracks was completed to-day under police and military protection, the monotony, however, being enlivened by occasional police sallies when the gatherings of idlers watching the work became too large and threatening.

JOHN J. HANNAHAN ARRESTED.

Charged With Interfering With Interstate Commerce.

Chicago, July 10.—John J. Hannahan, vice grand master of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, was a prisoner in Commissioner Hoyne's office this morning.

"I was taken out of my house at midnight," said he, after he had been released, "and was compelled to leave the bedside of a sick wife. I have done none of the things charged against me. On the contrary, I have done all I could to preserve the peace, and end the strike. I boarded no engine to induce the engineer and fireman to quit, but I suppose in times like these there is no use in complaining."

Hannahan is a candidate for Congress in the Second, or stock yards district, and in the firemen's organization is second to Chief Sargent.

District Attorney Milchrist said that the government has a good case against Hanrahan.

Mr. Hannahan was arrested at midnight last night at his home, 5944 in Englewood. He was arrested on a warrant sworn out before Commissioner Hoyne by E. S. Gregory of the Chicago & Western Indiana railroad, who has an office in room 52 at the Dearborn station. The warrant charges the vice grand master with interfering with interstate commerce and stopping the mails. The arrest was made by Deputy Marshal Frank Joy, the ex-Pinkerton detective who took part in the stock yards district riot of 1887, and has been charged with firing the shot on that occasion which killed Terrence Begley.

After he had been taken into custody Hannahan was taken to the Hotel Normands, and was kept until this morning by two deputy marshals.

This morning the commissioner fixed his bail at $3,000, and the bond was signed by John Berg, a manufacturer of firemen's apparatus, and Frank Ostrom, a saloonkeeper on which the warrant was issued charges that on July 7 Hannahan boarded an engine on the Western Indiana and induced the engineer, George Brady, and the fireman, J. C. Trail, to leave the engine, thereby stopping the train. Hannahan was indignant when he was before the commissioner, and swore that against being compelled to give $3,000 bail. "I don't care for myself," said he, "for I can give that amount, but don't establish such a precedent."

When he was told that $3,000 was the usual bail, he said no more.

A SECOND PROCLAMATION

Issued by the President in Regard to the Situation in the West.

Washington, July 10.—The attorney general, Secretaries Lamont and Bissell, and Gen. Schofield were again in consultation with the President early last evening, and as a result the following was given out:

A Proclamation by the President of the United States:

"Whereas, By reason of unlawful obstructions, combinations, and assemblages of persons, it has become impracticable in the judgment of the President to enforce by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings the laws of the United States at certain points and places within the states of North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Wyoming, Colorado and California and the territories of Utah and New Mexico, and especially along the lines of such railways traversing said states and territories as are military roads and post routes, and are engaged in inter-state commerce and in carrying United States mails; and

"Whereas, For the purpose of enforcing the faithful execution of the laws of the United States and protecting property belonging to the United States or under its protection, and of preventing obstructions of United States mails, and of commerce between the said territories, and of securing to the United States the right guaranteed by law to the

(Continued on 8th Page.)

A New Book for Blade Subscribers

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Since the death of Mr. D. R. Locke, six years ago, there has been a demand from all parts of the United States for a reprint of the "Nasby Letters" in book form, suitable for preservation. But few of these letters have ever been embodied in volumes, and those were the earlier numbers, written twenty-five or more years ago.

At a very great expense, we have collected all of the Nasby Letters ever written. This has been a huge task, as copies of these letters were never preserved except in the Toledo Blade, in whose columns they were published.

From them we have eliminated such letters as pertained to local or unimportant and forgotten topics publishing, however, every number which is of interest to the general public. The entire collection makes one large volume of over 500 pages.

This volume therefore gives practically all of the Nasby letters ever written, and published in the Toledo Blade during the entire period from Mr. Locke's first connection with the paper until his death. It is set in plain, readable type, giving a large amount of matter on each page, and contains over 500 pages. There is matter enough in this book for a thousand pages, were it set in ordinary type, but we have endeavored to make it very compact, and still have it in easily readable form.

Why This Book is Published.

Notwithstanding the enormous demand for this publication from all parts of the Union, from those who are not subscribers to the Weekly Blade as well as from those who are, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not publishing this book for sale or profit. We have determined never to sell a copy for cash, and never to any one, except in connection with the Weekly Blade.

The readers of the Toledo Blade are those who will

WASHINGTON.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Washington, July 3.—The House debated but did not pass a bill to build a hal of records in the District of Columbia. The Senate passed the tariff bill as amended by a strict party vote. The Democrats and Populists, with the exception of Senators Hill, Peffer and Stewart voted aye and the Republicans no.

Washington, July 5.—Neither house transacted any business of importance, both giving their attention to private bills on the calendar.

Washington, July 6.—The Senate held a short session to-day and adjourned at 1:35, until Monday, without having transacted any business of importance. The bill for the state taxation of greenbacks occupied the attention of the House all day and it was passed by a very large majority. The only point of interest in to-day's proceedings was the taking of tariff bill from the speaker's table and its reference to the committee on ways and means, but this was unattended by any excitement or remarks.

Several unimportant bills were passed. The House took a recess until 8 o'clock, the evening session being devoted to private pension bills.

Washington, July 9.—This was District day. The bill to provide immediate revision and equalization of real estate values in the District was taken up for consideration. Most of the afternoon was spent on this bill, which was finally passed. The remainder of the day was devoted to a street railroad bill, which was not disposed when the House (at 4:55) adjourned.

After the transaction of some business of minor importance, the Senate took up the navy appropriation bill. An additional appropriation of $22,025 was made, on amendment of the committee, for a dry dock at Algiers, La.

Washington, July 7.—Senate transacted only routine business. The House debated the Hall bill to tax National bank and Treasury notes.

THE SENATE PASSED IT.

The Vote is 34 to 39 in Favor of the Tariff of the Trusts.

Washington, D. C., July 5.—At 10:45 p. m. Tuesday, July 3, the Senate passed the Gorman compromise tariff bill by a vote of 39 yeas to 34 nays.

The announcement was greeted in the Senate chamber with those sharp yells which always accompany a Democratic victory, and which are in such marked distinction to the hearty "hurrah" of a Republican celebration. The event of the day which closed the prolonged struggle in the Senate against this infamous attack on Northern industries was Senator Hill's speech in vindication of his vote against what he called the "rag-bag" measure, and a thing which was neither Republican, Populistic nor Democratic. His impressive prophecy of Democratic defeat as the result of the suicidal combination of income tax iniquities and trust bargain will long be remembered.

Last Roll Call.

The last calling of the roll was marked with great excitement. There had been rumors of disaffection in the Democratic lines all day on the result of the betrayal of the Populist Senator, Allen, of Nebraska, who, after being used to the end, had been swindled out of his promised gift of free barbed wire; and out of the resentment of the Louisiana Senators, who had been cut out of millions of dollars of bounty by the change of date for the bill to go into effect.

When Allen meekly arose and swallowed his medicine with an apology for supporting the bill, he was eliminated as a factor, , but when Caffrey and Blanchard voted "no," the tension grew. As name after name was called, however, and it was seen the bill would pass by a small majority, notwithstanding the rebellious action of the Louisiana Senators, their subsequent change from "no" to "aye" was simply farcical and their stage play was merely laughed at.

The calling of the roll on the final passage of the tariff bill began at 10:25, and the vote resulted: Yeas 39, nays 34.

How They Voted.

Mr. Caffery (Dem., La.) voted no, and after the vote had been completed explained that he had done so as a protest against the injustice done his people and then changed his vote to aye.

Mr. Irby (Dem., S. C.) voted for the bill, and Mr. Blanchard (Dem., La.) who was denied the privilege of explaining the vote on an objection, contented himself with a simple "yea."

Mr. Hill was the only Democrat to vote against the bill. The Populists, Allen and Kyle, both voted for it, and Mr. Peffer against it. Following is the vote in detail:

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Bate, Berry, Blackburn, Blanchard, Caffery, Call, Cockrell, Coke, Daniels, Faulkner, George, Gibson, Gorman, Gray, Harris, Hunton, Irby, Jarvis, Jones (Ark.), Kyle, Lindsay, McLaurin, Martin, Mills, Mitchell (Wis.), Morgan, Murphy, Palmer, Pasco, Ransom, Roach, Smith, Turpie, Vest, Vilas, Voorhees, Walsh and White—39.

Nays—Messrs. Aldrich, Allison, Carey, Chandler, Cullom, A. Davis, Dixon, Dolph, Dubois, Frye, Gallinger, Hale, Hansbrough, Hawley, Higgins, Hill, Jones (Nev.), Lodge, McMillan, Manderson, Mitchell (Ore.), Patton, Peffer, Perkins, Platt, Power, Proctor, Quay, Sherman, Shoup, Squire, Stewart, Teller, Washburn—34.

Paired—Messrs. Butler (S. C.) and Cameron (Pa.), Gordon (Ga.) and Wolcott (Col.), Pugh (Ala.) and Hoar (Mass.), McPherson (N. J.) and Morrill (Vt.) Camden (W. Va.) and Pettigrew (S. D.)

Conference Committee.

The Vice President appointed the following managers on the part of the Senate as conferees:

Meessrs. Voorhees, Harris, Vest, Jones, Sherman, Allison, Aldrich.

Previous to the passage of the bill there was a hot skirmish in the Senate over various amendments. Senator Hill's amendment to exempt the salary of the President and Federal judges from the income tax, was lost.

The Sugar Bounty Repeal.

Mr. Allen offered an amendment to paragraph 182 repealing the sugar bounty in the shape of a proviso continuing the bounty in force until January 1, 1895, to the extent of paying the growers of sugar and maple syrup 9-10 of a cent on sugar testing above 80 degrees, and 8-10 on sugar below 80 degrees. This was the amendment of which notice was given by Mr. Jones on behalf of the Finance committee Tuesday. Its presentation caused a breeze. Mr. Hill was on the floor demanding recognition. Mr. Harris asked him to yield to allow him to move to lay the motion on the table.

"If that represents the action of the Finance committee, I will yield," said Mr. Hill, "but if not I want to address the Senate at length. After the action of the Senate yesterday I can not submit to this proviso now."

"I am a member of the finance committee," said Mr. Harris, "and on my own responsibility I desire to make the motion."

Mr. Hill then yielded to Mr. Harris, who, at Mr. Manderson's request withheld the motion to table until he could be heard.

Mr. Manderson said that great injustice would be done the growers of sugar beets in the sudden abrogation of the bounty proposed by the pending bill. It would not be only unjust but dishonest.

Mr. Caffery (Dem., Louisiana), favored the amendment. He did not believe in bounties, but thought equity and good faith demanded that the amendment should prevail. Mr. Harris then renewed his motion to lay the amendment on the table. This was agreed to—59 to 22—the parties dividing.

Mr. Allen proposed an amendment imposing a duty of 10 per cent on all fencing wire—lost.

BIG LOCK IN THE MISSISSIPPI

Authorized by the Senate Committee on Commerce.

Washington, July 5.—The Senate committee on Commerce held a very important Fourth of July session yesterday. Several members who desired to get away for the remainder of the week wanted the session held, and asked to have certain matters in which they were interested disposed of.

An important amendment was made at the request of Senator Washburn, of Minnesota, in relation to the improvement of the Mississippi river between St. Paul and Minneapolis, where navigation is interrupted by rapids. The committee authorize an amendment providing for the building of a lock in the river, to cost $600,000.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

BOARDS OF LABOR ARBITRATION.

Bills Introduced by Senators Davis and George.

Washington, July 7.—Senators Davis, of Minnesota, and George, of Mississippi, have each introduced a bill to create boards of labor arbitration. Mr. George's bill provides that whenever a proposition for arbitration shall be made by the employes of any railroad corporation as contemplated in the act of August 1, 1888, and the same shall not be accepted by the corporation, it shall not be lawful for any United States court or judge to grant any injunction against the employes or to make any order requiring a United States marshal to control or in any manner interfere with the conduct of employes.

In cases where the roads are in hands of receivers, it is made the duty of such receivers to accept an offer for arbitration made by employes of the road in case of differences.

Senator Davis's bill is the one heretofore introduced in the House by Representative Tawney, and was introduced by request.

THE HOUSE DOES NOT CONCUR

In the Senate Amendments to the Tariff Bill.

Washington, July 7.—The tariff bill in gross was to-day ordered reported back to the House by the ways and means committee with recommendations of non-concurrence in Senate amendment and for the appointment of conferees.

When Mr. Wilson reported the bill to the House immediately upon the convening of the body Speaker Crisp ruled it referred to committee of the whole.

Republicans, led by Mr. Reed, protested against haste and application of the gag rule, but without effect. Speaker Crisp named as conferees on the part of the House Representatives Wilson, of West Virginia; McMillin, of Tennessee; Turner, of Georgia; Montgomery, of Kentucky, Democrats, and Reed, Maine; Burrows, Michigan, and Payne, of New York, Republicans.

IS DRAWING TO AN END.

This Session of the House Will Not Have Much More Business.

Washington, July 10.—The committees of the House have nearly completed their work for the session. Several of the most important House committees have entirely ceased to meet, while others have been holding but occasional sessions. A few matters of importance are still before committees. Foremost among them is the Pacific railway problem, upon which the committee is exclusively engaged. Next in importance comes the banking bill, which has been given into the charge of a sub-committee and may go through this year.

The report on the investigation of the Homestead armor plate frauds by the committee on Naval Affairs is yet to be made, and the Labor committee is yet working on proposed arbitration laws. The Immigration committee is expected to recommend minor changes in the laws, and this week the members of the committee on Merchant Marine will vote on the Maguire bill to ameliorate the condition of seamen in the merchant service.

TO INCREASE THE ARMY.

Such a Bill Is Likely to Be Passed by Congress.

Washington, July 10.—Military authorities in Congress contemplate urging at an early day an increase of the standing army to 30,000. This is wholly independent of the present strike and of Representative Draper's resolution for an increase of the army. In view of the strike the bill for an increase is likely to be pressed for a time. It is possible, however, that when the Senate considers the army appropriation bill, the question of increase may come up. In any event, however, officials of the military committee will at an early day present a plan for a standing army on a 30,000 basis.

PACIFIC ROAD INDEBTEDNESS.

Bill Agreed Upon by the House Committee.

Washington, July 7.—The House committee on Pacific railways voted unanimously to report a bill for settling the indebtedness of the Central and Union Pacific to the government. The bill agreed upon probably will not grant the fifty years' extension of time, which is a feature of the funding bill before the committee.

The plan is more likely to provide that the sinking fund shall be used to lift the first mortgages on the properties, thus clearing the incumbrance, so that the government as the holder of second mortgages may foreclose them.

NICARAGUA CANAL BILL.

It Will be Passed by Congress This Session.

Washington, July 7.—If the present Congress finds time there is a probability of the passage of the Nicaragua canal bill. The opposition which Senator Davis, of Minnesota, a member of the committee on foreign relations, made to the bill in the previous congress, probably will not be exerted against the bill in its present form. Senator Davis says many of the objectionable features of the former bill have been remedied and that he will not oppose it.

VAN LEUVEN PENSION FRAUDS.

They Will Be Prosecuted at Prescott, Minn.

Washington, July 10.—A deputation from the pension bereau, consisting of Dr. Marcus C. Baker, Confidential Clerk Charles Donnelly and Albert C. Ridgeway, of the finance division, has left for Austin and Prescott, Minn., to act as prosecuting witnesses in the cases of a number of medical examining surgeons of the bureau charged with bribery, growing out of the famous Van Leuven pension frauds.

Postponed His Tour.

Washington, July 10.—The strike has resulted in the postponement of the annual tour of inspection of the Pacific railroads by the commissioner of railroads, Gen. Wade Hampton. Gen. Hampton expected to commence the official trip within a week or ten days, but it has now been deferred till the beginning of next month.

Senator Kyle's Resolution.

Washington, July 7.—Senator Kyle says he will not call up his resolution introduced last week at the request of the railroad strikers, but will allow it to remain on the table until he decides what disposition he will make of it.

BARNUM'S ESTATE DIVIDED.

Final Distribution of the Estate of the Great Showman.

Bridgeport, Conn., July 5.—The final distribution of the estate of the late P. T. Barnum during the lifetime of Mrs. Barnum has been made. C. Barnum Seeley, Jessie E. Seeley, Marshall and Herbert B. Seeley, all of New York, receive $325,600. The estate of the late Julia H. Clark receives $109,385. Mrs. Helen B. Rennell, of New York, receives $101,350, and Mrs. Caroline C. Thompson, of New York, $312,669. As Mr. Barnum, some time before his death gave to Mrs. Buchter the so-called Barnum addition to Denver, now worth more than $1,000,000, the share of her father's property received by that daughter and her children is more than three times that of any other heir. The remainder of the estate in this city and New York will be kept intact until the death of Mrs. P. T. Barnum to pay the annuity of $40,000.

A CORNER ON WHISKY

May be Engineered by the Managers of the Trust.

Chicago, July 5.—The managers of the whisky trust met to-day to consider the new tariff bill, and the probable effect of the increased tax on spirits.

They will make an effort to get possession of all the supplies of spirits in the market, in anticipation of the rise which will follow the passage of the tariff bill.

THE WHITE CITY BURNED.

The Great Buildings Around the Court of Honor in Ashes.

All the main buildings of the World's Fair except the Horticultural building, the Woman's building, the Art Palace, the Machinery and the United States government building were almost entirely burned last night. They were the property of the Columbian exposition salvage company and had been purchased from the exposition company for about $90,000.

The fire was discovered last evening by several boys in the southwestern corner of the first floor of the terminal station. When first seen it was but an incipient blaze and the boys endeavored to stamp it out for several minutes. They were unsuccessful, however, as the fierce gale which was then blowing from the southwest fanned the fire and before an alarm could be turned in the fire had reached the second story of the building.

Owing to the distance which separated most of the engine companies from the scene of the fire there was considerable delay in getting a stream of water upon the blazing structure. The first alarm was immediately followed by a 3-11 call and this by a special call for ten engines. By the time the first detachment of engines was fully at work the terminal station was a mass of flames and the fire had leaped across to the administration building. In twenty minutes the dome of this beautiful structure fell with a terrible roar and sparks and blazing brands were carried by the wind north and northeast of the Mines, Electricity and Agricultural buildings.

The electricity building was the first to take fire. In a few minutes it was enveloped in flames and at 7:10 o'clock the glass roof collapsed and the iron frame work of the structure fell in. At 7:15 o'clock the east end of the Mines and Mining building fell in and the flames became so fierce that the engine companies stationed between the Electricity and Mines and Mining buildings had to fly for their lives. Engine company No. 18 was forced to abandon their engine and had scarcely time to cut the horses from the traces. One of the animals succeeded in getting away, but the other was suffocated. Several hundred feet of hose were also burned.

MILLION DOLLAR FIRE.

Wind and Flames Eat up Factories at Hudson, Mass.

Hudson, Mass., July 5.—Shortly before 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon the most disastrous fire this section of the country has ever seen broke out in Chamberlain's shoe factory, Woods Square. When discovered it had gained considerable headway, and with a strong wind blowing, the flames soon went beyond the reach of the local firemen, and spread with wonderful rapidity, the factory being burned to the ground within half an hour.

One cause for the rapid spread of the flames is assigned to the explosion of several barrels of naphtha and oil used in the shoe business. Within an hour the flames had spread to the Union depot, the public telephone office, and Higgins's shoe factory. The firemen were perfectly helpless, and assistance was summoned from surrounding cities and towns. The postoffice with its contents was totally destroyed, and the loss in this department cannot be fixed. It is known, however, that several registered packages arrived on the morning mail, and were not delivered on account of the holiday. Forty dwelling houses were destroyed, together with their contents. The firemen worked with a will, but their efforts seemed to be in vain, and it was finally found necessary to blow up a number of houses to save the entire town from destruction. The loss is estimated at between $750,000 and $1,000,000, and it is said to be mostly insured. The Boston fire department also assisted.

E. B. WINANS IS DEAD.

Ex-Governor of Michigan Passes Away at Hamburg.

Hamburg, Mich., July 5.—Ex-Governor Edwin B. Winans died at his home here at 4:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon of heart disease. While deceased had not been in good health for several months the attack which proved fatal was sudden and of short duration. Two physicians who spent the night with him had expressed grave fears of the outcome. Mr. Winans was born in New York state in 1826 and was a resident of Michigan since 1834, with the exception of eight yeas spent in California in the '50's, since when he has been a prominent farmer of Livingston county. He had always been a radical Democrat and beside his term as governor in 1891-92, served as member of Congress and of the state legislature.

His administration as governor, while conservative and economical, gained the respect of all and the commendation of his constituency, quite generally, regardless of politics.

DICK CROKER IS HOME.

Arrived in the Best of Health and Spirits.

New York, July 5.—Richard Croker and two sons arrived Wednesday aboard the Majestic, in the best of health and spirits. Mr. Croker stated that he was feeling well, and had a splendid time considering his short visit abroad. He would say nothing further, however. Mr. Croker was met at Quarantine by Commissioner Daly, Peter Meyers, and another friend, who boarded the steamer with Dr. Jenkins. From the pier Mr. Croker was driven direct to Tammany hall, where the Fourth of July celebration was in progress. His appearance was greeted by enthusiastic cheering.

WERE LOADED WITH DYNAMITE.

A Couple of Desperate Characters Captured at Denver.

Denver, July 10.—W. W. Hope and Jack Welch, after repeated endeavors to have an interview with D. H. Moffatt, president of the First National bank, were arrested last evening. Upon being searched at the police station, one of them was found to have eight sticks of dynamite in his pocket.

It is supposed they intended to extort money from Mr. Moffat or blow up the bank building. The men say they are prospectors out of funds, and only intended to ask Mr. Moffatt for some money.

MICHIGAN'S POPULIST CANDIDATE

Dr. A. W. Nichols Nominated at Lansing on the 5th.

Lansing, Mich., July 5.—At 1 o'clock a. m., Dr. A. W. Nichols was nominated for governor by the Populist state convention. Several other names had been proposed, but each declined. Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, who, although a candidate for the Republican nomination, is reported to have some Populistic tendencies, received a considerable support on the first ballots.

DISCOVERED A DYNAMITE BOMB

Fastened to the Railing of a Bridge at Tacoma.

Tacoma, Wash., July 9.—Deputy marshals found a dynamite bomb fastened to the railing of the stone bridge at Fifth street. The bomb consisted of a half-inch gaspipe filled with dynamite and the ends filled with waste.

The evident intention was to have the bomb explode by the passing of the engine of a train.

The Latest From Alaska.

Victoria, B. C., July 10.—The steamer City of Topeka arrived from Alaska and reported that Sealer Gedrande reached Sitka July 4, with a crew of Indians in chains. They had mutined and threatened the lives of the officers. They were landed at Sitka and jailed.

THE STRIKE WEAKENING

(Concluded from 7th Page.)

use of such roads for postal, military, naval, and other government service, the President has employed a part of the military forces of the United States.

"Now, therefore, I, Grover Cleveland, president of the United States, do hereby command all persons engaged in, or in any way connected with such unlawful obstructions, combinations and assemblages, to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes on or before 3 o'clock in the afternoon, on the 10th day of July, instant.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be hereto affixed.

"Done at the city of Washington this ninth day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred nineteenth.

"GROVER CLEVELAND.

"By the President:

"W. Q. GRESHAM,

"Secretary of State."

The proclamation is substantially like the one issued last night in relation to Chicago.

Early in the evening Senators Dubois and Shoup, of Idaho, again called on the President in relation to the trouble at Wallace. Several telegrams had been received by the Senators from the United States judge and others emphasizing the seriousness of the situation and reiterating the request for troops. The governor also telegraphed to the President during the afternoon.

TIPPING OVER CARS.

As yet no action has been taken towards sending troops to Wallace, the fact that there has been no violation of United States laws standing in the way of such action until the governor signifies that he is unable with the state forces at his command to control the disorder. This the governor has not done, although he has described the situation as extremely serious, and has signified his desire for federal assistance.

WHAT THE STRIKE COSTS.

Enormous Loss Being Sustained Daily by the United States.

Chicago, July 10.—The number of men now out on the sympathetic strike, ordered by President Debs, of the American Railway Union, is estimated as follows:

Northern Pacific	12,000
Santa Fe	14,000
Chicago & Alton	2,000
Fort Wayne	1,500
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul	900
Chicago & Northwestern	3,000
Denver & Rio Grande	3,500
Southern Pacific	6,000
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy	1,700
Grand Trunk	600
Rock Island	7,700
Baltimore & Ohio	1,400
Great Western	1,200
Lake Shore	1,200
Illinois Central	2,500
Western Indiana	650
Chicago & Eastern Illinois	1,200
Michigan Central	250
Panhandle	1,350
Big Four	2,200
Kansas City, Ft. Scott & Memphis	1,400
Total	68,350

A. R. U. Membership.

The membership of A. R. U. is 125,000 and of the men out more than half are without funds for a week's sustenance and many thousands are in immediate want. On an average, these men earn $2 per day, which makes an aggregate of $150,000 per day in round numbers on this item alone. They have been out at least ten days, making this item to date $1,500,000.

It is also estimated, for nothing more than an estimate can be rendered, that the loss per day to the railroads centering here is $250,000. This includes loss of revenue and cost of the maintenance of forces for protecting property.

Fires have been a feature of the strike for the past three days, mobs having devoted themselves almost exclusively to incendiarism at night. Thousands of freight cars, switch houses, etc., have been burned, and the loss up to to-night cannot fall much under $2,200,000. The rounds which have suffered from fires are:

Illinois Central	$ 600,000
Grank Trunk	500,000
Burlington	500,000
Pan Handle	450,000
Fort Wayne	6,000
Stock Yards Transit Company	15,000
Rock Island	30,000
Lake Shore	20,000
Total	$2,165,000

This estimate is a rough one, but it is not far out of the way. In addition to the damage by fire, the various companies have suffered from the disabling of engines and wrecking of passenger cars. The loss in this connection is estimated by railroad men at $50,000.

Number Out of Work.

The number of men thrown out of work in Chicago by the boycott, men who have had nothing whatever to do with the fight, and care nothing about it, is estimated at 25,000. On an average these men get $2 per day, as many are skilled mechanics. Of these 15,000 were at work in the stock yards, 3,000 at the Illinois Steel Works, 1,500 at the Polk Street Sugar Refinery, and the others were engaged in various manufacturing establishments. Some were called out early in the strike, others not until very recently, but the average will make a week out of work. These men made $50,000 per day, and for seven days the aggregate is $350,000.

No one dares estimate the loss to the business community because of the strike, but it means millions. To recapitulate:

Loss to railroads	$2,500,000
Loss to employes	1,500,000
Loss to roads by fire	2,165,000
Other damages to roads	50,000
Loss of wages to men thrown out of employment by strike	350,000
Total	$6,565,000

A leading railroad man said last night: "I really believe this strike has cost full $1,000,000 per day since it was inaugurated."

Starvation actually exists among thousands of railway men throughout the West and Northwest, who are driven into this by sympathy. Telegrams are pouring into headquarters, asking for the assistance that was promised when the men quit work. The strikers need money and food, and they are now making appeals for aid to the men who induced them to strike.

TROOPS LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.

They Have Gone to San Francisco to Restore Order.

San Francisco, July 10.—The crisis at Sacramento will be reached in a day or two, for United States troops left for that city early this morning. The troops were armed and equipped as if they were going out for a campaign that meant much more than a display of their forms. The purpose is to move trains at any cost, when the regulars reach the capital.

Some of the strikers have deadly weapons and an intention to use them, if necessary, to prevent their plans from being overcome. If resistance is offered to the United States soldiers the probability that there will be slaughter at Sacramento is great. The regulars will undoubtedly obey orders and the order will be like that which resulted in bloodshed and death at Chicago. The troops are going prepared for a siege.

Four foot batteries, stationed at the Presidio, and one of two foot batteries that have been guarding Alcatraz got themselves in readiness last night to go on the steamer which leaves the Presidio wharf this morning. Two Gatling guns, which the artillerymen who are going to Sacramento will know how to handle, were put on the boat. Each man had two hundred rounds of ammunition, which amount signified that those troops will, if necessary, do a great deal of shooting with Springfield rifles, too.

Col. Ingraham led the force himself. Lieut. Col. Guenther, who is in command at Alcatraz, also went to Sacramento. The Presidio is to be left in charge of Lieut. Col. Young, who has command of the cavalry. Gen. Ruger took precautions to keep this movement of the troops unknown to the public and though Col. Graham, the commandant of the Presidio and several officers under Gen. Ruger or Col. Graham were aware of the details, the men had only the most necessary knowledge of what they are expected to do.

IT LOOKS MUCH BRIGHTER.

The Railroad Situation at Denver is Improving Rapidly.

Denver, Col., July 9.—The railroad situation in Colorado is improving. President Jeffrey will try to open the Denver & Rio Grande to the West today, and with the aid of the employes who have remained loyal to the company protected by United States marshals there is a good prospect that he will succeed.

At 7 a. m. a special train pulled out for the South on which was a committee of two employes, representing the engineers, conductors, firemen, brakemen, switchmen and telegraphers in this district who have refused to strike. They go to plead with the strikers at Pueble, Salida, Grand Junction and other points to return to work. It is understood they will be taken back without prejudice if they return at once, but this will be their last chance. Following the special train the regular train for the West was sent out at 8:30.

On board were 50 deputy marshals for duty at Salida under Judge Hallett's injunction. A force of deputies is already stationed at Grand Junction, and troops have been sent there from Salt Lake. The strike at Grand Junction is reported to be weakening and not much difficulty is anticipated in opening up the line to Salt Lake. No attempt will be made to move freights to-day.

The Union Pacific will operate trains at Cheyenne as soon as the troops concentrated at Cheyenne be distributed along the road at points where their services are needed. On the other roads trains are running in and out of Denver regularly. The Union Pacific Denver & Gulf began to-day receiving perishable freight. Of 250 men in the yards in this city who struck 160 are members of the A. R. U. and they will not be taken back.

DEBS WANTED IN COLORADO.

He Will Be Prosecuted There if Not in Illinois.

Denver, Col., July 10.—If the grand jury which will meet at Chicago tomorrow should not indict Eugene V. Debs, president of the A. R. U., a warrant will be issued from the federal court in this district for his arrest on a charge of violating section 10, article 1, of the constitution of the United States, which provides that no state or territory shall make any law "which will impair the obligation of contracts." Attorneys here deduce that Debs in ordering the strike attempted to force the impairment of certain contracts made between the Pullman company and railroads, and that he therefore violated the constitution of the United States.

A bill has been preferred by a firm of corporation lawyers which will be placed in the hands of United States Attorney Johnson in case Debs is not arrested within a few days at Chicago. The fact that Debs has called out the Union Pacific and Denver & Rio Grande railroads here brings him within the pale of this district, although he at the time may be in another state.

If he be brought here for trial the Western Union company will be compelled to produce all dispatches sent by Debs with a view to showing that he called upon the men to quit work. Judge Hallett does not think there is any necessity to bring Debs here, as he is confident the Illinois courts will want him.

STRIKERS ARE LOSING GROUND.

Trains Now Running Out of Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 10.—The strikers in this city appear to be losing ground and the situation seems more favorable to the railroads each day. Nearly all local trains are departing on both the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific on schedule time, and the Southern Pacific has taken the initial step towards moving its freight.

A train was made up this morning destined for Yuma, and later one destined for Santa Barbara. The company expects to start them to-day. A Santa Fe train arrived last night from Baton N. M., having two Pullmans attached. It is one train of five that have been tied up there since the strike was declared in that section.

SOVEREIGN ISSUES AN ORDER.

For the Knights of Labor to Strike on Wednesday.

Chicago, July 10.—At 1 o'clock today Grand Master Workman Sovereign was engaged in writing an official order which will call out to-morrow every member of the Knights of Labor in the United States.

"The present industrial crisis," said Mr. Sovereign, "demands drastic measures. All true laboring men must rally to the standard of Union labor. This action on the part of our organization has not been taken without careful consideration, and we are ready to abide by the result. This order will probably affect about one million men. There are thousands of workingmen in the country who have been members of our organization, but who are not now actively identified with it. I am confident that such men will rally to our standard at this time. Just what hour this order will go into effect to-morrow, I can not say, as the sending of it may be delayed until to-morrow morning, but it will go into effect some time to-morrow unless something unforseen arises."

MOVED MEAT TRAINS

In Spite of the Opposition of the Mob.

Chicago, July 10.—Armour & Co. moved a train of meat cars this morning in spite of a mob that gathered along Loomis and 49th streets to oppose the action. Stones were thrown, and the crowd indulged in hooting, but the appearance of a detachment of troops put an end to the scene of disorder. A train of 65 cars loaded by Swift, Armour and Morris was sent out this morning by the B. & O. line, guarded by deputies. The stock yards switching company announced this morning that its tracks were clear, and that all cars sent to it by outside roads could be handled. Cavalry troops are patrolling 40th street and the Wabash tracks, and made the movement of cars possible in that direction.

For the first time in several days the packing houses did some slaughtering.

National United States troops from Fort Niobrara, Nebraska, arrived in the city to-day over the Chicago & Northern road. They went into camp at Western avenue, Brighton Park. The detachment is composed of four troops of the Sixth cavalry in command of Col. Gordon. Four troops of cavalry of the Sixth with 178 men and twelve officers comprise the detachment.

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VALKYRIE CUT DOWN.

But the British Yacht Won the Race, After All.

Hunter's Quay, Firth of Clyde, July 5.—The regatta of the Mudhook Yacht Club to-day opened amid a scene of excitement which was soon after intensified by a collision between the Valkyrie and the Satanita, which resulted in the sinking of the former yacht and the serious disabling of the latter.

A fever heat of excitement had prevailed previous to the start for the Muir memorial cup race. No such interest has ever before been shown here in a yachting contest for the American flyer Vigilant was to meet

LORD DUNRAVEN.

for the first time the Prince of Wales cutter Britannia admitted to be the fastest yacht in Europe.

The Royal Clyde Yacht Club course, sailed in the Mudhook regatta, is 50 miles long, and in shape is similar to two triangles with their points meeting. The yachts started from an imaginery line drawn between the Royal Clyde Yacht club's headquarters at Hunter's Quay and mark boat No. 1; the first leg was around a mark boat off Skelmorlie, from there to and around another mark boat off Ascog, thence to and around a mark boat off Kilcreggan, and from there to the starting point twice around.

The start was made in a blinding mist, the wind, however, still holding good. The Vigilant, Britannia and Satanita came up in line on the port tack to turn the mark boat while the Valkyrie raced down.

The Satanita was too soon by half a minute.

On the other hand the Britannia was able to luff on the line for a capital start.

The Vigilant turned it handsomely, and was on the mark boat shortly after gun-fire. But the Britannia was quicker and got off three lengths ahead.

Then came the accident of the day, which threw out of the race and out of racing for some time to come, the Valkyrie and Satanita. These craft, while preparing for the start, became locked together, and in a few minutes the Valkyrie settled down and sank, while the Satanita was so badly damaged that she was obliged to retire.

The Satanita, it appears, was luffing for the start, and was unable to get out of the Valkyrie's way, as the latter was coming up on the starboard tack.

The Valkyrie's bowsprit ran across the Satanita's foresail, and the collision which ensued carried away the Satanita's bowsprit and topmast, leaving her a wreck covered with tangled rigging and collapsed sails.

Loud cries were heard from the crews of the two yachts, and for a time it was feared that a number of the crew of the Valkyrie had been drowned.

Happily this was not the case, as Lord Dunraven, Watson and the officers and crew of the Valkyrie were picked up by boats which put out from the shore and from the many sailing yachts and steam yachts in the vicinity of the scene of the accident.

In the meantime, the Vigilant and the Britannia had gotten away, not knowing of the sinking of the Valkyrie or the damage done to the Satanita.

Approaching the Cloch lighthouse, on the run home to the finish, the Vigilant was still leading, and it was estimated that she was about seven minutes ahead. The wind was softening, but the Britannia with her spinnaker down began to haul her in and passed her near Gourock.

The Britannia passed the winning mark only five seconds ahead of the Vigilant amid a scene of the greatest enthusiasm ashore and at the clubhouse. The time of the Britannia was 5 hours, 58 minutes; the time of the Vigilant 5 hours, 58 minutes, 5 seconds.

THE AMERICAN SECTION OPENED.

It Was a Great Occasion at the Antwerp Exposition.

Antwerp, July 5.—Upon the occasion of the Fourth of July celebration in this city, the American propaganda, a company having the direction of the American exhibits at the International exposition, opened the American section of the fair. The United States embassador, the Hon. J. S. Ewing, several of the United States consuls, a number of notabilities and a large crowd of people were present. The people present inspected the exhibition and gardens and attended a concert given under the direction of Silas G. Pratt, of Chicago. Miss Rosa Linde, of New York, sang and received a warm welcome. The band of the Fifth regiment of the line and a musical society composed of 200 members, assisted at the concert, which was thronged and a great success in every way. It was followed by a grand illumination and by a second concert at night.

Mme. Carnot's Pension Refusal.

Paris, July 5.—Madame Carnot, in writing her reasons for refusing a pension says: The children and I thought that France, by unanimously according magnificent national obsequies to M. Carnot, paid him the supreme and only homage worthy of the country and of himself."

New Cases of Cholera.

St. Petersburg, July 9.—Thirty-nine new cases of cholera and thirteen deaths from the disease were reported here yesterday. Five new cases were reported at Dobien, in Courland.

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At San Francisco, Cal.

Money, Crops, Trade.

R. G. DUN & CO.'S REVIEW OF THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

The Usual Signs in the Present Crisis Cannot be Counted for Anything—Bradstreet's on Finance.

New York, July 7.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade to-day says:

The interruption of business by the railroad strikes has been such that the usual signs, whether bright or gloomy, have little value. The Senate has passed the tariff bill, but in such shape that no one ventures to risk much on its final passage without further alteration.

Speculation in products has turned largely upon temporary uncertainties, but meat products have been higher, with a threatened famine here, and the probability that large quantities will be spoiled at Chicago, while improved crop products have depressed wheat 1 3-4c. The crop year ends with narrow exports, though a little larger than of late, and the aggregate for the year has not been far from 165,000 bushels, flour included, though at the lowest average price ever known. The year's receipts at Western ports were about 158,000,000 bushels against 249,000,000 the previous year. Cotton promises so well, and the stocks in sight here and abroad are so large that speculation for an advance is difficult. With two months of the crop year yet remaining over 7,350,000 bales have already come into sight, and there is strong promise of a much larger yield this year.

The iron industry had not yet recovered from the coal miners strike when it was seriously interrupted by the blockade of railroads at the West. An obvious effect will be restriction of repairs and car building and of track laying.

A large and somewhat lasting reduction in the demand for iron is the natural consequence of disturbances affecting railway earnings. The demand for iron products does not appear better and prices are again tending downward in spite of the general feeling that an advance must follow the termination of the miner's strike.

Textile manufactures do not show improvement—two important cotton mills manufacturing colored goods having stopped indefinitely, while the unsold stock of print cloths at Fall River and Providence has reached 1,064,000 pieces, and a downward revision in prices of bleached sheetings is expected. Quite a large number of woolen mills have filled all orders in hand and closed for the present, and in most branches orders for the future fall far below expectations. Interruption of traffic is felt in these industries, but much more the uncertainty how far foreign goods may be delivered at lower prices than domestic after new duties take effect, and behind these causes of hesitation lies the fact that with many hands out of work and wages reduced for others and prices of farm products exceedingly low the buying power of the people is greatly restricted.

Failures during the week have been 181 in the United States against 334 last year, and 34 in Canada against 23 last year, with no important disaster as yet since the new half year began.

Bradstreet on Finance.

New York, July 7.—Bradstreet's review of the financial situation to-day says:

In the face of the strike and the accompanying stoppage of traffic on several Western systems, the stock market has been remarkably firm. Such a condition is not a speculative novelty, the market having often in the past received support when similar depressing circumstances were encountered. In this instance, however, manipulative assistance has not been extended to prices, and it would seem that the passage of the tariff bill by the Senate, coupled with foreign buying of stocks, and with a general feeling that the strike would collapse or be suppressed by the federal authorities, have checked liquidation and averted short selling.

THEIR OFFICIAL REPORT.

Figures of the State Board of Agriculture.

Columbus, July 5.—The official report of the state board of Agriculture, showing the condition of the crops up to July 1, and being the last bulletin prior to the harvest of wheat, is issued today. The following are the most significant figures:

Wheat—Condition compared with a full average, 93 per cent.

Barley—92; oats,